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A JOURNAL FOR READERS, PUBLISHERS, LIBRARIANS, ARTISTS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS, AND BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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THE CRITIC.

IS THE STATE ALONE TO BLAME FOR THE DECLINE OF POETRY AND LETTERS?

IT is a remarkable commentary upon the admitted maxim of "knowledge is power," that all modern countries are more or less chargeable with neglect of genius, and legislative exemption from its claims. But, of all countries, none probably, emulating a literary supremacy, deserves more than ours this reproach. It may be that its success in this respect has superseded, or seemed to do so, any governmental policy with regard to it. A legislature is never forward to take duties upon itself, till they devolve upon it unavoidably. The claims of literature are not of this description in a country with constituted laws and existing institutions, and society settled down into the customs and privileges of ages, forgets, is indeed often unconscious, that the great apostles of civilization are human intellects;—that national prosperity, individual independence, political advantages, and social superiority, the wide economy of finance, ethics, and jurisprudence, have been the slow growth of centuries of mental labour—the regular development of human intelligence—the brilliant emanation, or thoughtful resource, or philosophic result, of the genius or learning of men:—that the Poetry we read, or do not read, is the relaxation of an hour;—the pages of profound

thought and industrious knowledge on our book-shelves, admired and revered as abstract marks of human power and achievement,—are not simply the ornamental, the recreative, or the illustrious, nor even the needful lessons to stamp upon our children's minds, as the relative parts of education; but the hinges on which our laws were balanced;—the springs whence flowed the waters of political truth; in which justice first saw her radiant image mirrored, and from which the star-light of revelation has been reflected from age to age. Who has been cardinal teacher to the world? The poet! And he has oftenest taught it, like the prophet of old, with the ashes of affliction on his head. It is the inevitable retribution to both systems and communities that all teaching has, as yet, been incomplete. Truth remains practically undeveloped; men dwell in factions and divisions, in the church as well as in the state and in the world. These are in interests individual. Their three-fold existence has a mystical and typical unity to be accomplished in the fulness of time. Till then anarchy and confusion reign within and without, and the temple of Janus will never be shut either for nations or men. The steps of truth have been clogged and hindered from the beginning; they have not unfrequently been marked with blood upon the highways of the world. It has not yet come to mankind as a principle, that while intellect and knowledge have impediments, wisdom can never reach her full stature. In the meantime the whole world is more or less benighted, and has not one civilized nation upon its face. There are many that suppose themselves to be so, but this is only a proof to the contrary. We will take our own country as an instance, both because to do so is most candid, and because it is the strongest example. We consider, habitually, that the civilization of our country is quite beyond argument. Nationally, or individually, we should feel warm indignation, if the fact were nationally or individually disputed. We should be half inclined to quarrel with, and half inclined to laugh at, a foreigner who told us we were not a civilized people. If one of the national guards, for instance, who have come in numbers across the channel to behold our institutions, to admire our wealth, and to visit our galleries and palaces, as he left our shore to return to the "liberty, fraternity, equality,"—the triple furies of his republican Paris,—had made this remark, we should have declared him to be either jealous or a fool. We set it down, indeed, as a sort of truism that we are the most cultivated and enlightened people. Yet the masses of our population are densely ignorant; the old ballad and the old proverb, orally descended from distant generations, make the average of education in the agricultural peasant's home. He could not read his Bible if he had one, and his knowledge that there is such a book may be said to elevate him a step in moral dignity above the miner and the coal-digger. Demoralization beyond conception attends upon this ignorance. The home-missionary will bear slender testimony to the belief in our national civilization. Let those who sleep upon that pleasant creed compare with it, as an easy effort at awaking, the minutes of the Pastoral Aid Society. The description of an English hamlet has recently saddened and sickened all who read the daily annals of their country. Yet a nobleman assures us that Hilton is a type of the villages of southern England. What of northern England, with its fens and wolds, and morasses; its mountain solitudes and scanty churches,

its potteries and coal-pits, and its "black country," more like the inferno of a dark fancy than a tract of Christian land? Does it produce a more enlightened, or more fortunate, peasantry? We ought to hope that we are behind, and not before, other nations. We have the abstract parts of a great constitution. We possess, probably, the most perfect courts of judicature, the richest cities, the cleanest streets, the best sewers, the most habitual industry; but no country could have a much more burthened or more ignorant poor. In Hungary twenty years back, it would have been uncommon to find a peasant, whether of the papal or reformed religion, unable to read; yet Hungary, by no means takes the lead for intelligence in continental Europe. We may seem at first to have brought the heart of another important subject irrelevantly into the one we are treating of; but we have done it advisedly, convinced that no measure to meet the demand for education for the people (the only virtual means of a psychological improvement of the people—of a really national civilization) will be successful until something like an organized literature, and recognized profession of letters exist in the state. Much has been done, but there is still much to do. Intellectual power has done it somewhere, in the senate, or without, under different aspects, and with differing degrees of probation and success, and intellectual power alone can complete what is wanting. But hitherto improvement has often had a weary and unwelcome advent. It has been persecuted, denied, obstructed, mis-called, mistaken. The good equally with the bad, for good people may be dull, have opposed it. Bigotry always hates it with a superstitious, benighted self-complacency, that would have thought it a pity to make the sun and moon, or any alteration in the established shades of chaos. Yet even this mental fog the light of intellect has often penetrated. How rapid might be the progress of truth and human welfare could it completely disperse it. But this will not be done by an occasional ray falling aslant and fortuitously on the misty horizon—a solitary flash here and there breaking up the masses of prejudice and error, its own brightness the while obscured or subdued by the cold shadow of adversity. No. The strong collective beams of living and dead intellects must strengthen in the sunlight of prosperous days, and all must flow into one radius, must burn with clear, defined, and ardent light together.

It is supererogatory to insist upon the fact of neglected genius. It is written but too distinctly in the history of our country. That it is written in the history of other countries is a childish extenuation of the charge, strangely inconsistent in a nation so emulous of precedence as England; it is written, we say, but too distinctly; it is written in early graves; in thrilling tales of disappointment, despair, and want; in real-life tragedies of insanity and suicide. We need not reiterate the well-known names which have passed into immortality after a life of toil, and misery, and injustice. They are familiar as household words, and some remember, and some forget, their story, and some repeat it to their listening children, as more instructive than romance and fairy tale, nor spare the indignant comment and the bitter moral; but not one, probably, is struck with the fact, that the same things are going on still in the world around them, perhaps in the very street where they live. We say we need not here recall these names. We might say, besides, that they would take too large a

share of our columns from our more immediate subject; they would, however, make a very instructive and good-sized separate article, which, perhaps, we may one day be tempted to compile; it would form an appropriate supplement to the present thesis, and there is nothing like names and numerals, with their sinewy matter of fact, to strengthen an argument. These names have identified genius with adversity to a very remarkable extent. A great many excellent people, not very deep thinkers, will talk of the alliance as an unfortunate and indispensable conjunction, as though genius and misery were a sort of poetical gemini, or a Siamese mystery of nature; and shrewder persons also talk of it as something quite fatalistic and necessitarian, in the same manner that some sects ingeniously dispose of a personal responsibility. But the world loses by its worldly wisdom. No ray of mind can be lost or extinguished but society unconsciously pays for it; no ray of mind can dawn upon the world but society consciously benefits. How is it then that a more generous estimate of intellectual services, a juster recognition of the claims of mental labour, have not recommended themselves to the policy of nations? Because the policy of nations is not generous; the very word implies a variety of contrary qualities. A literature which can spring up and flourish in the bosom of a people, with no cost to sow the seed, and no care to sustain the increase, is not the object for legislative acknowledgment advancement, or reward; it is exactly the thing that can be left to itself. No matter the injustice which overlooks claims so prominent, the prudence which spares the resources otherwise demanded is statesmanlike and popular. Perhaps a government might go a step beyond expediency without losing thereby. But it must be a brilliant minister, a man of lofty intellectual penetration, and a profound moral mathematician, who dares the venture. Such a minister was CANNING, and such a flash of genius might have risen with kindred and inherent brightness from his luminous intellect and enlarged policy; but it did not. He was taken up with the enfranchisement of men from the bonds of spiritual despotism and prejudice, with sapping the foundations of the tremendous strongholds of superstitious bigotry and oppression through protestant Christendom. We have heard of no state at once enlightened and generous enough to say, Since the national debt to literature and genius is incalculable and accumulating, it becomes a matter of both equity and expediency to discharge at least a part of it, lest, if we depend too long upon the habit of interminable credit, we may suddenly and unwelcomely discover its exhaustion. We will give this blue riband to that obscure individual and great poet, instead of giving it to that rich nobleman and obscure man. We will institute defined and appropriate remunerations for the intellect and learning which adorn and enlighten their country, and cancel our burthensome and disgraceful sinecures for highly-born or highly recommended mediocrity.

We again say, that of all countries with a literary reputation, ours is most chargeable with neglect of genius. We say too that no state has done so little for letters. Most governments have made indirect, if not direct, attempts to advance them. If England ever did so it was in distant times when it was more ostensibly her interest in the view of her rulers; or when her kings and nobles found their historians in the talents of their less

wealthy countrymen. In those times the minstrel, the only representative of public literature (for that of the cloister was of an occult and special character) was a sacred and favored person. He had the privilege at all times to approach the sovereign. He had a specific profession and suitable remuneration. The court then counted its laureats by the score. Henry V.,* even while a prince maintained eighteen with separate incomes little less (calculating the comparative value of expenditure) than the solitary reward which, in the person of the laureat, poetry now receives from the crown.

Through the more than four centuries since its great era—for, from the ashes of William Caxton may be said to have risen the spirit of English literature—the profession of letters has been as to real significance nominal and complimentary; it confers no defined social place; it opens up no distinctive reward; the honours and emoluments which encourage the energy of genius in every other profession, mysteriously disappear from the noblest, and the loftiest, and fade in the path of the "Sons of the Morning." It has never occurred to England in the excess of her civilization, to own an institution of literature; she has no guild for genius; her men of letters are a sort of political vagrants; practically she denies them, though historically she vaunts of them, jealous and proud of the honors they have brought her. The profession of letters has virtually no entity. A man who writes himself clergyman, or physician, or barrister-at-law, writes himself a gentleman, and only his individual departure from that character can forfeit to him its rank in society. If a man were to write himself poet, the politest person would smile, and the most liberal tradesman desire to commence transactions with him by a particularly satisfactory reference—unless he wrote poet laureat.

When, however, we consider that under this dispensation, under centuries so characterized, the literature of our country has been what it has—the most varied, the most beautiful, the most instructive which mankind has known; the cynosure which has rivetted the intellectual observance of the modern world—we find the argument in a new attitude, and cannot refuse our conviction that, whatever be the fate of our literature, it was not in the power of outward adversity to destroy it. We might even assume that it is altogether independent of external consequences, that the whole circumstances of literature are internally produced, that the causes of its power and greatness, its languor and decay, are always in itself; its prosperity or adversity from within, not from without; and this we might argue upon deeper reasoning and a broader principle than results afford. The mind of genius conceives involuntarily, and thought, like any other strong offspring, must be born quick to the world. Till lately, the existence of literature exhibited the most intrinsic totality. But a change has come over its spirit, a remarkable pause in its powers. We must answer our proposition "Is the state alone to blame?" with a negative, not from a desire to defend the state, which is even more to blame than if wholly so; for while literature nationally prospered,

even under its details of individual adversity, the state's neutrality towards it was only in the last degree ungenerous and unjust, but now it is also impolitic and destructive.

We have next to consider the internal circumstances of literature. A. M. L.

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HISTORY.

Bibliomania in the Middle Ages, and History of the Monastic Libraries of Great Britain in the Olden Time. By F. SOMNER MERRY-WEATHER. Merryweather.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

JUST as the sight of some old Gothic edifice, with moss-grown sides, and an ivy-mantled tower," recalls the age in which it shone in pristine beauty, so do the obsolete expressions and quaint style of an ancient writer carry us back to by-gone times. We breathe, as it were, the atmosphere of those days, looking perchance with them into their past—forgetting the centuries which have elapsed leaving them, too, stranded on the shores of the ebbing sea of Time. There is nothing which so completes the illusion of this retrospect as reading the thoughts and records of our ancestors, in their own words. Their very quaintness is dramatic and characteristic. Who does not love, be he bibliomane or not, to open a black-lettered edition of "Stowe's Annals," or "Froissart's Chronicles?" And, to go farther back, who would not delight in the perusal of the illuminated MSS. of those ages, who knew not the art of transfusing intelligence among the million?

Our author cannot, like the magician or astrologer of those times, bring palpably before us the vellum tome, with its exquisite calligraphy, and jewelled binding; but he extracts the following from the Philobiblon of RICHARD DE BURY.

But first, be it known, this said RICHARD DE BURY was a man of high estate. He was preceptor to EDWARD PRINCE OF WALES, afterwards third King of that name. And, when the latter was firmly seated on the throne, he was appointed cofferer to the king, Treasurer of the Wardrobe, Archdeacon of Northampton, Prebendary of Lincoln, Sarnam, and Litchfield (pluralities, it seems, disgraced those days, as well as more modern times), and Keeper of the Privy Seal. He twice undertook to visit Italy on a mission to Pope JOHN XXII., during which time he formed an acquaintance with PETRARCH. He was also made Bishop of Durham, and was sometime Lord Chancellor of England, afterwards High Treasurer, and ambassador to divers places. In the 8th chapter of his work, he tells us how he collected his library, but let the great man speak for himself; he says,

"For although from our youth we have been delighted to hold special and social communion with literary men and lovers of books, yet prosperity attending us, having obtained the notice of His Majesty the King, and being received into his own family, we acquired a most ample facility of visiting at pleasure, and of hunting, as it were, some of the most delightful covers in public and private libraries, both of the regulars and seculars. Indeed, while we performed the duties of Chancellor and Treasurer of the most invincible and ever magnificently triumphant King of England, Edward, third of that name, after the Conquest, whose days may the Most High long and tranquilly deign to preserve. After first inquiring into the things that concerned his court, and then the public affairs of his kingdom, an easy opening was afforded us, under the countenance of royal favour,

* It was from no impulse of vanity, either national or personal, that this magnificent and chivalrous Prince maintained the minstrels, for we are expressly told by Holingshead that, on his triumphant entrance into London after the battle of Agincourt "He would not suffer any ditties to be made or sung by minstrels of his glorious victorie; for that he would whollie have the praise and thanks altogether given to God."

for freely searching the hiding places of books. For the flying flame of our love had already spread in all directions, and it was reported that we had a longing desire for books, and especially for old ones: but that any one could more easily obtain our favours by quartos than by money. Wherefore, when supported by the aforesaid Prince of worthy memory, we were enabled to oppose or advance, to appoint or discharge, crazy quartos, and tottering folios, precious, however, in our sight as well as in our affections, flowed in most rapidly from the great and the small instead of new year's gifts and remunerations, and instead of presents and jewels. Then the cabinets of the most noble monasteries were opened, cases unlocked, caskets were unclasped, and sleeping volumes which had slumbered for long ages in their sepulchres were roused up, and those that lay hid in dark places were overwhelmed with the rays of a new light. Books heretofore most delicate, now become corrupted and abominable, lay lifeless, covered with the excrements of mice, and pierced through with the gnawing of worms: and those that were formerly clothed with purple and fine linen, were now seen reposing in dust and ashes, given over to oblivion and the abode of moths. Amongst these, nevertheless, as time serveth, we sat down more voluptuously than the delicate physician could do, amidst the stores of aromatics; and where we found an object of love, we also found an assuagement. Thus the sacred vessel of science came into the power of our disposal, some being given, some sold, and not a few lent for a time. Without doubt, many who perceived us to be contented with gifts of this kind, studied to contribute these things freely to our use, which they could, most conveniently do without themselves. We took care, however, to conduct the business of such so favourably that the profit might accrue to them; justice suffered therefore, no detriment."

"Of this, however," says our author, "a doubt will intrude itself on our minds, in defiance of the affirmation of my Lord Chancellor; indeed, the paragraph altogether is unfavourable to the character of so great a man, and fully proves the laxity of opinion in those days of monkish supremacy on judicial matters; but we must be generous, and allow something for the corrupt usages of the age."

In another place the book-loving RICHARD DE BURY says:

"Moreover, if we would have amassed cups of gold and excellent horses, or no mean sums of money, we could in those days have laid up abundance of wealth for ourselves. But we regarded books not pounds, and valued Codices more than flowers, and preferred paltry pamphlets to pampered palfreys."

From the allusions in the foregoing, we are inclined to suspect that there must have been strange goings on in certain high places, as regards pecuniary matters. For it certainly would seem, that opportunity for amassing treasures while in office was considered as a sort of prescriptive right, and avowedly spoken of as such. So much for the times. As for the man himself, we fear the character of the ecclesiastic must have been lost in the bibliomaniac. His tone of facetious pleasantry but poorly veils the overweening conceit and excessive pride of his heart, which is not like the naïve simplicity of PEPEY, whose vanity is so irresistibly amusing, because so undisguised. To prove that the monks were not exclusively devoted to ecclesiastical literature, our author gives a list of writers whose works were preserved in the Library at Durham. We notice the following—ÆSOP, GALEN, HORACE, HOMER, JUVENAL, JOSEPHUS, OVID, PLATO, QUINTILIAN, TERENCE, TULLY, VIRGIL.—The Christian Fathers of course found a place in the collection, but we do not name them, as they are presupposed to be there. Among the celebrated men of the middle ages, we meet with one whose name is both familiar and welcome to our still lingering Saxon prejudices.

The latter part of the tenth century was a most

memorable period in the annals of monkish bibliomania, and gave birth to one of the brightest scholars that ever shone in the dark ages of our Saxon forefathers. KING ALFRED, in honour of whose talents posterity have gratefully designated the great, spread a fostering care over the feeble remnants of native literature which the Danes, in their cruel depredations, had left unmoested. The noble aspirations of this royal student and patron of learning had been instilled into his mind by the tender care of a fond parent. It was from a richly illuminated little volume of Saxon poetry, given to him by the Queen, as a reward for the facility with which he mastered its contents, that he first derived that intense love of books which never forsook him; though the sterner duties of his after position frequently required his thoughts and energies in another channel. * * *

Asser, who afterwards became his biographer, was, during his life, the companion and associate of his studies, and it is from his pen we learn that, when an interval occurred, unoccupied by his princely duties, Alfred stole into the quietude of his study, to seek comfort and instruction from the pages of those choice volumes which comprised his library. But Alfred was not a mere book-worm, a devourer of knowledge without purpose or meditation of his own. He thought with a student's soul, well and deeply on what he read, and drew from his books those principles of philanthropy, and those high resolves, which did such honour to the Saxon monarch. He viewed with sorrow the degradation of his country, and the intellectual barrenness of his time. The warmest aspiration of his soul was to diffuse among his people a love for literature and science, to raise them above their Saxon sloth, and lead them to think of loftier matters than war and carnage. To effect this noble aim, the highest to which the talents of a monarch can be applied, he, for a length of time, devoted his mind to the translation of Latin authors, into the vernacular tongue. * * *

When Alfred had completed the translation of Gregory's Pastoral, he sent a copy to each of his bishops, accompanied with a golden stylus or pen, thus conveying to them the hint that it is their duty to use it in the service of piety and learning. Encouraged by the favourable impression which this work immediately caused, he spared no pains to follow up the good design, but patiently applied himself to the translation of other valuable books, which he rendered into as pleasing and expressive a version as the language of those rude times permitted. Besides those literary labours, he also wrote many original volumes. * * * A copious list of his productions will be found in the *Biographica Britannica*. * * * Of his Manual, which was in existence in the time of William of Mahmsbury, not a fragment has been found. The last of his labours was probably an attempt to render the psalms into the common language, and so unfold that portion of the Holy Scriptures to our Saxon ancestors. * * * In the year 901, this royal bibliophile, the "victorious prince, the studious providor for widows, orphans, and poor people, most perfect in Saxon poeirie, most liberal endowed with wisdom, fortitude, justice, and temperance, departed this life." And right well did he deserve this eulogy, for, as an old chronicle says, he was "a goode clerke, and rote many bokes, and a boke he made in Englysshe, of adventures of kyniges, and of battylles that had bene wone in the land; and other bokes of gestes he then wryte, that were of grete wisdom, and of goode learnynge, through whyche bokes many a man may him amende, that will them rede, and upon them loke. And thys kynge Alured lyeth at Wynchestre."

Any remarks of ours on this passage would be mere amplification. The following characteristic extract is from the epistolary collections of PETER of Blois, Archdeacon of Soudon. Our Author says,

It seems to bring back those old times before us, to seat us by the firesides of our Norman forefathers, and in pleasant quiet manner, enter into a gossip on the passing events of the day; and, being written by a student and an "amator librærum," they moreover unfold to us the state of learning among the ecclesiastics at least of the twelfth century. * * * In many letters we find the archdeacon quoting the classics with the greatest ease, and the most appropriate application to his subject; in one he refers to Ovid, Persius, and Seneca, and in others when writing in a most interesting and amusing manner of poetic fame, and literary

study, he extracts from Terence, Ovid, Juvenal, Horace, Plato, Cicero, Paterius, Maximus, Seneca, &c. * * * It is worth noticing that he quotes the Roman history of Sallust, in six books, which is now lost save a few fragments; the passage relates to Pompey the Great. We can scarcely refrain a smile at the eagerness of Archdeacon Peter in persuading his friends to relinquish the too enticing study of frivolous plays, which he says can be of no service to the interests of the soul; and then, forgetting this admonition, sending for tragedies and comedies himself, that he might get them transcribed. This puts one in mind of a certain modern divine, whose conduct not agreeing with his doctrine, told his hearers not to do as he did, but as he told them. * * * In some of his letters we have pleasing pictures of the old times presented to us, and it is astonishing how homely and natural they read after the lapse of 700 years. In more than one he launches out in strong invectives against the lawyers, who in all ages seem to have borne the indignation of mankind; Peter accuses them of selling their knowledge for hire, to the direct perversion of all justice; of favouring the rich and oppressing the poor. He reproves Reginald, Archdeacon of Salisbury, for occupying his time with falconry, instead of attending to his clerical duties. And, in another most interesting letter, he gives a description of King Henry II., whose character he extols in panegyric terms, and proves how much superior he was in learning to William II. of Sicily.

In concluding our review of Mr. MERRY-WEATHER's book, we strongly recommend it for perusal. It is alike free from the rationalism of a mere *littérateur*, the bigotry of sectarian prejudice, and the abstruse pedantry of an antiquarian. The author possesses all the learning and industry necessary for a work of such a character; but his object is rather to elucidate his subject, than to overwhelm the reader with a sense of his own erudition. And, though small and unpretending in size and appearance, this little volume contains a great deal of curious and interesting matter, which throws a somewhat new light on the obscurity of the Anglo-Saxon times; supplying us with a history of our Ancestral Literature, which few perhaps but the veriest book-worms were acquainted with before.

Biography.

Memoirs of Chateaubriand. Written by himself. Vol. II. Part 3. London: Colburn, 1849.

On his return to Paris, in 1792, CHATEAUBRIAND found a change once more in the external appearance of the city and its inhabitants. The struggle was over: the old things had passed away and the new were yet in a state of chaos:

Terrified or fierce men were to be met in every street, persons who stole quietly along close by the houses, in order to escape notice, or who were roaming about in search of their prey; their timid and downcast looks were either turned away from you, or fixed upon yours in order to scrutinise and thoroughly penetrate you.

It was the prelude of the terror which was so soon to uprear itself, beneath which all France was to quail, and which was to crush in its fall the instruments of its own exaltation. "The sovereign people," says CHATEAUBRIAND, "being everywhere, when it becomes a tyrant, the tyrant is everywhere: it is the universal presence of a universal Tiberius." These pages contain reminiscences of several of the chief actors in these memorable scenes, with brief sketches of their character. The author concludes his remarks in these terms:

Of all the men whose names I have here recalled, Danton, Marat, Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Églantine, and Robespierre, not one is now alive. * * * At the distance at which I now am from their appa-

ritions, it appears to me, that having descended into hell in my youth, I have a confused recollection of the ghosts which I met wandering about on the banks of the Ceytus; they complete the varied dreams of my life, and are now to be inscribed on the tablets of my posthumous memoirs.

Meeting again with M. DE MALESHERBES, CHATEAUBRIAND talked over with him his plans. He proposed to join the army of the princes, return to crush the revolution, and set sail once more for the New World. He expected, having accomplished the above mentioned preliminaries, to be in readiness for his departure in two or three months.

And yet my zeal outran my faith; I felt that emigration was a great folly; "like Pelandé every way," says Montaigne, "with the Ghibelins I was Guelph, with the Guelphs, Ghibelin." My slight attachment to absolute monarchy prevented me from acting under any illusion in the determination to which I came; I had some scruples; and although I was resolved to sacrifice myself for what I looked upon as a point of honour; yet I wished to have the opinion of M. de Malessherbes on the emigration question. I found him very much excited; the crimes perpetrated before his eyes had destroyed the political toleration of this friend of Rousseau; between the executioners and their victims he did not hesitate which side to take. He thought that anything would be better than the then existing state of affairs; and in my particular case, he said that no man, wearing a sword, could dispense with joining the brothers of his king, oppressed and delivered up to his enemies. He quite approved of my return from America, and urged my brother to set out with me. I stated the usual objections about the alliance with foreigners, the interests of one's native country, &c. &c.; he answered them, and passing from general reasons to particular details, cited several embarrassing examples. He recalled to my memory the Guelphs and Ghibelins strengthening their several parties by the troops of the emperors and the pope; and in England, the barons taking up arms against John Lackland; and to conclude, he instanced, in our own times, the republic of the United States imploring the assistance of France.

It was finally determined that CHATEAUBRIAND should join the royalist army. His friends, however, were found insufficient for the purpose; his wife's fortune, from being vested in church property, and otherwise disposed of, was not forthcoming. He succeeded however, in raising 10,000 francs. With this sum in assignats he was returning home, when he met an old comrade, who, under pretence of having a more comfortable opportunity for conversation, invited him into a gambling-house. He played, and lost all save 1,500 francs; and this remaining sum, in the distraction of his mind, he left behind him in the carriage in which he quitted the scene of his disaster. On arriving at home, he found that he had left the 10,000 francs in a hackney coach. He recovered, however, his pocket-book containing the 1,500.

On the 15th of July, CHATEAUBRIAND, and his elder brother, quitted Paris. After various adventures they crossed the frontier, and arrived in safety at Brussels. The valet of the elder CHATEAUBRIAND, who was to have accompanied them on their flight, scared by terror at the conversation of the democrats, was seized during the middle of the first night's journey with a fit of somnambulism to which he was subject, and being thrust out of the centre diligence, in which he was travelling, by his frightened companions, set off at full speed in the direction of Paris. The two CHATEAUBRIANDS who were in the coupé, and were supposed to have no connexion with this man, durst not recall him for fear of betraying themselves. Ultimately, the depositions of the unlucky valet, by proving the emigration of the brothers, were the means of sending the

elder CHATEAUBRIAND and his wife to the scaffold.

Such was the life of the exiles at Brussels:

Brussels was the head quarters of the most distinguished *émigrés*; the most elegant women, and the most fashionable men of Paris, who could only take the field as aides-de-camp, expected from pleasure the rewards of victory. They had new and handsome uniforms, in which they exhibited themselves to show the extent of their absurdity and folly. They consumed, on the festivities of a few days, sums of money considerable enough to have maintained them for some years; it was not worth while to economise, seeing they would be almost immediately in Paris. These brilliant chevaliers were preparing for military glory by successes in love; following precisely the opposite mode of ancient chivalry. They looked with contempt on us poor fellows on foot, with our knapsacks on our backs—small provincial gentlemen become soldiers. At the feet of their Omphales these Hercules twirled the distaffs, which they had sent to us, and which we, contenting ourselves with our swords, returned to them.

When CHATEAUBRIAND at last reached the army of the Princes, at Trèves, he was almost refused admittance, as having waited till the event was certain before coming to a determination, "There were already too many gallant men after the fight!" A cousin, however, who was already in the army, espoused his part, and having himself pleaded his cause satisfactorily to a meeting called for the purpose, the ranks were opened to receive him.

The army of the princes was composed of gentlemen, classed according to provinces and serving as common soldiers; the nobility were tracing up their lineage to its origin, and to the origin of the monarchy, at the very moment in which that origin and that monarchy were on the eve of closing their career, as an old man returns to childhood. There were, besides, several brigades of *émigré* officers from various regiments become common soldiers; among this number were my comrades of Havarre, under the command of their colonel the Marquis de Mortemart.

I entered the 7th company of the Bretons, under the command of M. de Goyon Miniac. The nobility of my province had finished seven companies, and there was an eighth formed of young men belonging to the *tiers état*; the iron-grey uniform of this last company differed from that of the other seven, which was royal blue with ermine facings. Thus, men attached to the same cause, and exposed to the same dangers, perpetuated their political inequalities by odious distinctions. The true heroes were the plebeian soldiers, who had no personal interest to prompt the sacrifice of their services.

The order of march was given for Thionville. The army proceeded at the rate of five or six leagues a day, in dreadful weather, over roads rendered difficult by their muddy condition. Notwithstanding the soaking rain and the many other disagreeables, CHATEAUBRIAND seems to have found a soldier's life very amusing. Ten men were allotted to a tent, each of whom in his turn acted as cook, while the rest performed the other necessary menial offices. CHATEAUBRIAND had, it seems, "a great talent for making soup," which gained him the applause of his comrades. While at mess under the tent, he used to entertain his companions with tales of his adventures in America, and they repaid him in kind. They all "lied like a corporal in a wine shop with a conscript paying his reckoning." No hardship seems to have weighed so heavily upon CHATEAUBRIAND as that of washing his linen, an operation which it was necessary to perform very frequently, he having been robbed of all his shirts save two. He tells us:

When engaged in soaping my stockings, pocket-handkerchiefs, and my only shirt on the bank of a stream, with my head down and my back up, I was constantly seized with giddiness; the movement of my arms caused me intolerable pain in the chest.

He gives a curious and touching picture of the motly appearance of the royalist army:

An army is generally composed of soldiers somewhat about the same age, the same size, and the same strength. Ours was altogether different; a confused assemblage of old men, children not long out of their nursery, and a general jargon, the dialect of Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, Auvergne, Gascoigne, Provence, and Languedoc. A father served with his son, a father-in-law with his son-in-law, an uncle with his nephew, a brother with a brother, a cousin with his cousin. This motley crowd, ridiculous as it appeared, had something honourable and affecting in its nature, because it was animated by sincere convictions; it presented a picture of the old monarchy, and a last representation of classes of men which were passing away. I have seen gentlemen of a severe countenance, with grey hair, torn clothes, knapsacks on their backs, and their guns slung, dragging themselves along by the help of their stick, and assisted by the arm of one of their sons; I have seen M. de Boishue, the father of my comrade who was massacred at the States of Prennes close beside me, marching along sorrowful and alone, his bare feet in the mud, and carrying his shoes on the point of his bayonet, for fear of wearing them out; I have seen young men wounded, lying under a tree, and a priest in a riding coat and stole, kneeling by their head, and sending them to St. Louis, whose descendants they were making an effort to defend. The whole of this poor crowd, without receiving a single *sol* from the princes, carried on the war at their own cost, whilst decrees were despoiling them of their ale, and throwing their wives and mothers into gaols.

They arrived at Thionville on the first of September. The act of crossing in arms the frontier of his native land, had a gloomy effect on the mind of CHATEAUBRIAND, and filled him with foreboding:

I had a sort of prophetic feeling, a revelation of the future; the more so, as I did not share any of the illusions of my comrades, either as regarded the cause in defence of which they were engaged, or the triumph they flattered themselves with the hope of obtaining.

From a deficiency of troops, the royalists were unable to prosecute the siege with vigour. Their small resources were fast becoming exhausted, and "Paris seemed to grow more distant." It was during the siege of Thionville that CHATEAUBRIAND made his first prediction. He was accustomed sometimes, in the company of an old class-fellow, to walk at night by the trench in front of the encampment:

We talked of the past and of the future, of the faults which had been, and would be, committed; we deplored the blindness of the princes, who thought to return to their country with a handful of followers, and fix the crown on their brother's head by the arm of the foreigner. I remember having said to my comrade in one of those conversations, that France was following the example of England, that the king would perish on the scaffold, and that probably our attempt on Thionville would be made one of the principal heads of accusation against Louis XVI. Ferron was struck with my prediction; it was the first I had ever made; since that time I have made many, as true and as unheeded; when the evil arrived others took shelter and left me to struggle with the misfortune I had foreseen.

An engagement at last took place, during which CHATEAUBRIAND was wounded in the thigh. The Austrians lost a considerable number of men, and the Prince of WALDECK, the Austrian commander, had one of his arms shot off. It seems they had expected that the town would be surrendered by the royalist party within the walls, but such hopes proving vain, the siege was raised, and the troops withdrew to Verdun which had surrendered to the allies. CHATEAUBRIAND was attacked by a fever prevalent among the Prussians, which added to the annoyance caused by his wound, and the fatigue of the march caused him great suffering. They left Verdun, and at the camp near Sougloy, a very honourable testimonial

was presented to him by the captain of his company. His object was now to reach Ostend, that he might from thence embark for Jersey to join his uncle DE BEDEE. His intention was, ultimately to rejoin the royalists in Brittany. His health appears to have been in a wretched condition:

The fever undermined my strength, and I sustained myself with the greatest difficulty upon my swollen legs. I also suffered under the attacks of another disease: the small-pox attacked me: after suffering from nausea and vomiting for four-and-twenty hours, an eruption broke out all over my body, which appeared and disappeared alternately, according to the state of the atmosphere. In this condition, I commenced on foot a journey of two hundred leagues, with no more than eighteen livres Tournois in my pocket. All for the glory of the monarchy!

In this deplorable state he left Arlon, and after five or six days had journeyed a considerable way into the Ardennes, sometimes hobbling along by the aid of a crutch, but more frequently getting a lift in the cart of the peasantry whom he met on the road. He had nearly died in this poetical region:

I took up my next station, a quarter of a league farther, on the feeding ground of a herd of deer; huntsmen were at the extremity. A fountain bubbled up at my feet; at the bottom of a fountain in the same forest Rolando in *amorado*, not *furioso* saw a chrysal palace, full of ladies and knights. Had the Paladin, who rejoined the brilliant naiads, at least left behind Brède-d'Or at the edge of the spring, or had Shakspeare sent me *Rosalind* and the exiled *Duke*, they would have brought me seasonable aid. Having recovered my breath, I continued my route: my ideas floated vaguely through my mind, not without their charm; my old fantasies, with scarcely the consistency of shadows three parts effaced, surrounded me, to bid adieu. I no longer possessed recollection: at an indefinite distance I saw a confused mixture of unknown images, the airy forms of my relations and friends. When sat down by the wayside, I thought I saw faces smiling at me from the threshold of distant cabins, in the blue smoke escaping from the roofs of the thatched huts, in the tops of the trees, the brightness of the clouds, in the luminous rays of the sun piercing the fogs like a golden wand. These apparitions were the shadows of the Muses coming to be present at a poet's death; my tomb scooped out by the mountings of their lyres, under an oak in the Ardennes, would have been perfectly suitable to a soldier and a traveller. Some pullets which had lost their way among the forms of the hares under the privets, together with the insects, caused some murmurs around me; lives as feeble, as unknown, as my life. I could proceed no further; I felt extremely ill; the small pox struck in and was stifling me. Towards the close of day I stretched myself on my back on the ground, in a ditch, my head supported by the knapsack of Atala, my crutch by my side, and my eyes fixed upon the sun, whose rays faded with my vision. With all the sweetness of my thoughts, I saluted the star which had shone upon my early youth in my native plains; we went to rest together; if to rise more glorious, I, to all appearance, never more to awake. I swooned away with a feeling of religion; the last noise I heard was the fall of a leaf, and the whistling of a bulfinch.

CHATEAUBRIAND was not, however, destined to die in obscurity in a ditch by the wayside. The waggons of the Prince DE LIGNE passing by where he lay, one of the drivers, perceiving that he displayed some signs of life, moved with compassion, caused the future author and ambassador to be placed in one of them. The jolting restored him to his senses, and on condition of his walking through the town of Namur, as they were forbidden to take any one in the waggons, the men agreed, on promise of a reward, to convey him to Brussels. He describes his walk through Namur as having been "a weary one;" but the women as he passed taking pity upon him assisted him from door to door, and finally helped him

to climb into the waggon. Having thanked the first who offered her arm, she replied, "No thanks, soldier."

Not an innkeeper in Brussels would receive the wounded, diseased, and penniless soldier. On applying for the second time at the hotel where he had formerly lodged, he suddenly encountered, at the door, his brother, the Count DE CHATEAUBRIAND. A lodging was obtained for him, and his wound having been dressed, and his strength a little recruited, he persisted in setting out for Ostend. The elder CHATEAUBRIAND was returning to France; and the two brothers parted for ever.

At Ostend, CHATEAUBRIAND and some Breton companions hired a decked-boat to go down the channel; but the former becoming so very ill that all believed him at the point of death, he was left on the quay at Guernsey by the captain. By the care of an English pilot's wife he once more rallied, and joined his uncle at St. Helier's in Jersey. After four months assiduous nursing, he was, comparatively speaking, restored to health. Fearing to become a burden to M. DE BEDEE, he resolved to go to England, and accordingly took a place in the packet-boat for Southampton. On board this boat he met, for the last time, the friend of his childhood and youth—GESRIL.

(To be continued.)

The Life of Robespierre. By G. H. LEWES. Chapman and Hall. 1849.

WE are indebted to CARLYLE for having given the first glimpse of the true character of ROBESPIERRE, and turned the current of absurd and irrational prejudice by which the sins of the Revolution had been heaped upon his single head; as if he was its incarnation, and to him alone belonged its deeds of blood and horror. The tide once turned, succeeding historians have taken courage to look undismayed upon this monster, and they have found him to dwarf beneath their scrutiny into a man, having the usual admixture of good and bad qualities which belong to human nature, neither the demon he was painted by his foes, nor the angel he was proclaimed by his friends: but a genuine man, with a very strong head—very decided opinions—a great deal of honesty—much courage—and extraordinary power of ruling the minds of others; but associated with a heart that could not feel, with that cold passionless temperament, which, in regard for the end, is so wont to disregard the means; and a certain shallowness of thought which prevented him from looking far below the surface, and which imposed on him the forms and shows of things as substance—the floating sentiments of the day as convictions. He was precisely the man to make a revolution, but not the man to mould it or to govern it. Hence, his rise and his fall.

All accounts agree in this—that ROBESPIERRE was not naturally of a cruel disposition, but, on the contrary, he was remarkable for mildness; and in theory he was opposed to the punishment of death. That such a man, with so much of the philosopher in him to preserve him from the passions of the mob, should yet have become their instrument for the perpetration of cruelties altogether opposed to his own principles and his own temperament, is another fearful proof of the danger of entering upon a revolutionary course with the hope of stopping at the point where patriotism ends and guilt begins. All history proves, and recent experience confirms the fact, that leaders cannot stand still. They must advance or

perish. It becomes then a question of self-preservation, and principles and purposes will never prevail against that imperious law of our nature. Those behind tread against the heels of the foremost, and will trample upon their corpses if they pause in their path. Then comes the fear of reaction—then the cruelty that is born of fear and is its invariable accompaniment comes to be justified upon the plea of necessity; it is supposed to be a question which party shall annihilate the other and then it is that the reign of terror begins.

Such is the history of the French Revolution, and of the fate of ROBESPIERRE, who began by being a philanthropist, and ended by being a butcher. Mr. LEWES has traced this change with a vigorous hand, and drawn the useful moral of the incidents of his career as he passes from stage to stage of his story—from his obscurity to his greatness—from his popularity to his decline—from his decline to his destruction. It is a tale that will be read with thrilling interest, and which will be studied with profit. We should have liked to follow him through the whole of the wonderful record, but our space forbids, and with these introductory remarks on a character as yet very imperfectly understood, or rather very much misunderstood, we bid adieu to the volume, offering only a few specimens of the vigorous style of the composition.

In proof that he was not in theory a spoiler, take the following:—

ROBESPIERRE ON PROPERTY.

On the 26th of April he delivered a remarkable speech, in which he showed that, however anxious he might be to relieve the poor, he was not, like his modern imitators, the advocate of spoliation.

"I propose," he said, "certain articles necessary to complete your theory of property. Let the word alarm no one. Degraded wretches! (*ames de bone*) who only prize gold, I do not wish to touch your treasures, however impure their source may be. You ought to know that the Agrarian law, of which you have spoken so much, is but a phantom created by scoundrels to frighten idiots. There was no need of a revolution to teach the universe that the extreme disproportion of fortune is the source of many evils and of many crimes; but we are also not the less convinced that community of goods is a chimera. As for me, I think it still less necessary to private happiness than to public felicity. We had better render poverty honourable and livable than proscribe wealth. The cottage of Fabricius need not envy the palace of Crassus. For my part, I would sooner be the son of Aristides, brought up at the expense of the republic, than the presumptive heir of Xerxes, born in the corruption of courts, to occupy a throne adorned from the degradation of the people, glittering with public misery."

He then defined property to be "the right which every citizen has of enjoying and disposing of that portion of goods which is guaranteed him by the law. The right of property is limited, as are all other rights, by the obligation of respecting the rights of other people. It should neither be prejudicial to the safety, nor to the liberty, nor to the existence, nor to the property of our fellow-men. All property which violates this principle is illicit and immoral."

The progress we have sought to describe is thus succinctly shown by Mr. LEWES.

CHARACTER OF ROBESPIERRE.

The fifth act this long and dismal tragedy now opens and the moral of the story begins to glimmer through its horrible events. Robespierre has gained his ambitious object: what use will he make of it? We have traced him step by step along his troubled path: we have seen him an obscure honest reformer, wishing to have abuses removed, but never contemplating the abolition of a constitutional monarchy. From that early stage, we have seen him gradually pass on to republicanism. We have seen him borne upon the tide of popularity, instigating insurrection, approving massacres, exasperating the minds of a furious people by fierce de-

clamations and rabble-rousing words, denouncing every man whose power seemed an obstacle to the realization of his ideas—doing all this evil that good might come of it: that good being nothing less than a pure republic. He has now nearly attained the culminating point of power. He is almost a dictator. Now commences the fearful task of realizing ideas—of passing from the easy office of criticism to the perilous office of action. He who so fiercely upbraided the acts of others, has now to act himself; he who was pitiless towards those who fell short of his ideal, taking no heed of obstacles, giving no credit for intentions, is now to be himself the butt of that opposition which he has hitherto directed against others. Patriotism, vague declamations about love of one's country and republican virtue will avail him no longer; powerful in opposition, these phrases are powerless in office. His business is to act, not to declaim. He has to govern a nation—and what a nation! Phrases will not govern it. It can only be governed by institutions, and those must be based upon ideas. What social ideas has Robespierre? None. He has nothing but aspirations. He desires a republic; but he has not thought out even the most elementary plans of institutions necessary for a republic. Face to face with the great problem of social misery—face to face with the terrible problem of government for an anarchical nation—he is powerless to solve it; powerless to shape that chaos into order.

There is something to my mind infinitely tragic in such a situation.

How graphic is this description of

THE DEATH OF ROBESPIERRE.

Mute and motionless, around a table in the Salle d'Egalité, Robespierre and his companions listen to the sounds without; their eyes fixed on the door awaiting their fate. Robespierre is dressed in the sky blue coat, and nankeen trousers, which he had had made for the Festival of the Supreme Being. Lebas, armed with a brace of pistols, presents one to Robespierre, conjuring him to put an end to his existence; but Robespierre, although he always carried poison about him, refuses to commit suicide. Saint Just, and Conthon, side with him. And now the jingling noise of arms becomes frightfully distinct. Lebas places a pistol to his heart, and in another instant falls dead into the arms of Robespierre the younger, who leaps out of window into the court, breaking a leg in the fall. Coffinhal makes the chambers and lobbies resound with his imprecations and hurried footsteps. He meets with Henriot, in a stupor of terror and wine, reproaches him for his cowardly conduct, then seizing him in his arms, hurls him out of the window on a dunghill, exclaiming, "Away, wretched drunkard, you are not worthy of a scaffold!"

Meanwhile Leonard Bourdon draws up his men in order of battle before the steps leading to the Hotel de Ville; ascends them himself, accompanied by five gens d'armes and a detachment of soldiers. Dulac joins them; the whole party rushes eagerly towards the Salle de Egalité, where, with the butt-ends of their muskets, they drive in the door, amidst cries of "Down with the tyrant!" The poor tyrant, pale, and anxious, is sitting silent at the table. Leonard Bourdon dares not meet his look. With his right hand he seizes Meda's arm, and points with his left at Robespierre, exclaiming, "That's the man!" Meda levels his pistol, fires, and the head of the unhappy Robespierre drops on the table, staining with blood the proclamation before mentioned.* The ball has entered the left side of his face, and carried away several of his teeth. Conthon endeavours to rise upon his withered limbs, but staggers under the table. St. Just, the inexorable, imperturbable, and not unheroic fanatic, sits motionless at the table, now gazing mournfully at Robespierre, now with proud looks of defiance eyeing his enemies. In a few minutes all the prisoners are marched off in triumph to the Convention. The grey dawn gently stealing over the sky discovers Robespierre carried on a litter by four gens d'armes, his face covered with a handkerchief steeped in blood. At five o'clock, a column of soldiers enters the Tuilleries, where the Convention is awaiting the termination of the affair. A loud murmur proclaims the approach of Barras and Freron. Charlier is acting as president. "The

coward Robespierre is there," he cries, pointing to the door. "Shall he come in?" "No! no!" exclaimed the members, some from horror, others for pity. "To bring before the Convention the body of so great a criminal, would be to rob this day of its glory. The corpse of a tyrant can only bring contagion with it. The only spot for Robespierre and his accomplices is the Place de la Revolution."

Meanwhile Robespierre is laid upon a table in the adjoining ante-room. His head supported by the back of a chair; his sky-blue coat, and nankeen trousers, are stained with blood; his stockings are fallen down over his ankles. Crowds flock in, clamber on stools and benches, and look with strange curiosity and malicious triumph at this idol and ruler of the republic, now fallen so low! They shower on him expressions of contempt, invective, and abuse. The officers of the Convention point him out to the spectators, as a tiger is pointed out in the menagerie. He closes his eyes and feigns death, to escape the insults and curses heaped upon him. "Search him," exclaims the crowd. He is searched. A brace of pistols in a case, with the arms of France engraved upon them, is found in his pocket. "What a villain!" cry the bystanders. "Here is a proof of his aspiring to the throne. He uses the symbols of royalty." There was also found upon him a pocket-book, containing bank-notes and bills to the amount of 400*l*. There is no reason to suppose this money belonged to him. It was, in all probability, public money, and about to be applied to public use. All attempts to throw even a suspicion of pecuniary corruptibility upon him have signally failed. There were only a few francs found in his lodgings after his death.

His colleagues enter and insult him; some even spit in his face; while the clerks of the Bureau prick him with their penknives. Legendre, entering the Salle, approaches the body, and in a theatrical gesture apostrophises it:—"So then, tyrant: you, for whom only yesterday the Republic was not vast enough, occupy to-day about two feet wide of a little table!" What must have been Robespierre's scorn at the man who had so frequently followed him with fulsome adulation, now triumphing over him in his last hour.

There he lies motionless and apparently unconscious. The blood which flowed from his wounds has coagulated in his mouth. Regaining a little strength, he staunches this blood with the fur that covered the case of his pistols. His dim eye wanders vacantly among the crowd, there seeking some friendly countenance; there endeavouring to read justice or compassion. But in vain, in vain! Horror alone is imprinted on every face; the unhappy man shudders and closes his eyes. The heat of the chamber is intense. A burning fever glows on his cheeks, streams of perspiration pour from his brow. Not one hand is extended to assist him. Beside him, on the table, they have placed a cup of vinegar and a sponge. From time to time he moistens the sponge and applies it to his lips.

At five the carts came for the prisoners. Strange and ghastly burden did they bear that day! Not only were the prisoners men whose names had been venerated and execrated as names have seldom been, but Robespierre, his brother, Conthon, Lebas, and Henriot, were merely the mangled remains of men. These mangled remains were tied down to a cart, the jolting of which over the stones of the street extorted from them groans of pain. Through the most populous streets wended this hideous procession, and the windows, doors, and balconies, were crowded with spectators, especially with women dressed as for a fête. Strange sights had been seen from those balconies, strange processions had passed down those streets—a king, a queen, royal princes and princesses, orators, sycophants, traitors, men of high integrity and noble genius, and men of foulest hearts and desperate lives—the youth, genius, beauty, and virtue of the Girondé, and the hideous obscurity and brutality of the Hébertists—but who could have expected to see the incorruptible Robespierre and the imperturbable St. Just following in that train which they had swelled with their victims? The fall of Danton stupefied the spectators, but what was Danton to Robespierre!

* These pistols, shut up in their case, still loaded, proved that Robespierre did not shoot himself. Some accounts, and even the surgeon's testimony, are cited to prove that he must have shot himself; but, although the evidence, with the exception of that cited above, is pretty equally balanced, yet that must be held as decisive. Besides, did he not refuse to commit suicide?

And women gaily attired clapped their hands for joy, exclaiming, "Death! Death! To the Guillotine!" The children and the friends of those who had fallen during the Terror, now shrieked in triumph over the fall of the dictator.

And the people? What was the aspect of that people Robespierre had flattered, had served, and had roused to combat—that people for whom he had slaved, and who almost worshipped his name? It was silent. It knew not what to think or what to do. It abandoned its idol as it had abandoned Danton, Camille, and Hébert.

The procession moved on amidst curses; not one friendly voice relieved the weight of all the imprecations. The head of the unfortunate Robespierre was tied up in a bloodstained handkerchief, which passing under his chin, left only the cheek, the forehead, and the eyes visible. He shrugged his shoulders as if in pity for the mob which insulted him. His aspect was calm and resigned. He made no attempt to speak. His thoughts were no longer of this world.

Once indeed he exhibited a touch of feeling. As the procession passed the house of Duplay, a lad carrying a pail of blood dipped a broom into it, and bespattered the walls. Robespierre closed his eyes: he could not bear that sight!

At length they reached la Place de la Revolution. Not a word did they address to the people. Their doom was inevitable, and they believed they died as martyrs. Robespierre mounted the ladder with a firm step. The executioners tore off the bandage which bound up his chin, in order to prevent it deadening the blow of the axe. Released from its support his lower jaw fell upon his breast; the piercing cry it extorted was heard on the opposite side of the Place de la Revolution. It was succeeded by a dead silence—the silence of the grave—broken by a dull, sullen noise. Down clanked the axe, and the head of Robespierre rolled into the basket. The crowd held their breath for some seconds, and then, as if an enormous load were rolled from their breasts, burst into a loud and unanimous cheer. The spectators shed tears of joy, and embraced each other in transport, crowding around the scaffold to behold the bloody remains of the tyrants. One man approaching said, "Yes, Robespierre, there is a God!"

And thus this strange mystery of a man passed away into eternity!

On that evening at the Opéra, they performed Gluck's "Armida," with the ballet of "Telemachus;" and the Opéra Comique delighted its audience with "Mélomanie!"

The Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe. Ex-King of the French, &c. &c. By Benj. POORE. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co.

MR. POORE, in his late capacity as historical agent of the State of Massachusetts to France, enjoyed most favourable opportunities of studying French politics and society, and his capital letters to the *Boston Atlas* which have been scattered over the Union, through a dozen appreciating presses, show how well he availed himself of these advantages.

We do not look, of course, for the same animation of style in a biographical work like that before us, yet as much of it necessarily partakes of the character of a compilation, Mr. POORE has here with much tact availed himself of this feature to throw in many entertaining anecdotes relating to his subject and his times.

The Talleyrand-like remark attributed to NAPOLEON, that "the Bourbons never learned anything and never forgot anything," really seems to have great significance when applied to the ex-king of the French, when one remembers the long and terrible schooling he had to fit him for his royal station. No eminent individual ever enjoyed a better opportunity of studying mankind, than that forced upon LOUIS PHILIPPE in his early wanderings. And yet his experience of men and knowledge of political systems seem, when he came to the throne, to be bestowed away in his mind,

* This curious paper is extant, and in the possession of M. Saint Albin. The letters Rob—, of Robespierre's unfinished signature, are still legible on the blood-stained paper.

in the form of abstract truths, which were not to be broken up and applied in any way to the requisitions of his station. And yet who would not have prophesied nobly of the energetic Exile, whose early fortunes, when first driven out from his own country, are thus commemorated?

THE WANDERINGS OF LOUIS PHILIPPE

In April, 1793, Louis Philippe arrived at Coblenz, on the Rhine, where the throneless Louis XVIII. held his court, but was denied a reception, and passed up the river to Basle. Here he learned that Madame de Genlis and his sister were at Schaffhausen, where he joined them, and the two started for Zurich. Arriving there on the 8th of May, the magistrates refused to grant them a resident's passport, for while the Helvetian aristocracy dreaded the presence of a Prince who had served in the Republican ranks with loud professions of Jacobinism, the French royalist emigrants openly insulted him in the streets, exulting over the imprisonment of his father. In a few days they left for Zug, where, having assumed the incognito of an Irish family, they lived for some weeks in tranquillity, but having been recognized by an old officer of Marie Antoinette's household, the magistrates were reproached for granting them an asylum, and requested that they would withdraw.

A hundred romantic projects are said to have suggested themselves at this critical moment, for it was evident that they were marked objects of dislike. Count Gustavus de Montjoie, an old friend at Basle, to whom they wrote for advice, came to give it in person, and after consulting with General Montesquieu of Geneva, it was decided that Mademoiselle Adelaide should be received into the convent of St. Clare at Bremgarten. "As for you," wrote General Montesquieu, "there is nothing left for you but to wander among the mountains, stay but a short time in any place, and continue this miserable mode of travelling until circumstances prove more favourable. If fortune should ever prove propitious, your life will be an essay, whose details will, at some future day, be collected with eagerness."

General Dumouriez was of the same opinion. "Embrace," he wrote to General Montesquieu, "our good young friend for me. May he gain both instruction and fortitude from his present misfortunes. This insanity will soon pass away, and he will then occupy his proper place in society. Urge him to keep an accurate diary of his travels. It will be novel to see the journal of an Orleans devoted to other subjects than the chase, women, and the pleasures of the table. I am also delighted to think that this work, which he can finish by and by, will serve as a sort of certificate of his life, and be of essential service to him, either in resuming or regaining his station. Princes should, as you say, produce *Odysses* rather than *Pastorals*."

Louis Philippe sold all his superfluous effects, and only retained one horse, so that after paying his debts with the proceeds, he found he possessed nearly four hundred dollars. He would also have dismissed his only remaining servant, Baudoin, but that faithful follower persuaded him to let him partake of the sorrows of a persecuted exile, though he was taken so ill that when Louis Philippe left Basle it was on foot, leading the horse upon which his retainer was mounted. He passed for a French lawyer, who was travelling to gather mineralogical specimens, and often had many curious ones given him, which were thrown into the next brook he passed over, instead of being sent to Paris, as the donors credulously believed.

Most of the principal spots of interest in Switzerland were visited in their turn. The former residences of Rousseau and Voltaire, the ruins of Hapsburgh Castle, whose owners have so long sat upon the Austrian throne, and the chapel, where Tell, after escaping from Gesler's boat on the Lake of Lucerne, lay in wait for the tyrant behind a tree, and shot him with his unerring arrow as he passed, were particularly noted in this journal. It also contains many valuable notes on the increase of the glaciers, and on the avalanches, which show that he carefully explored

"The Alps
Those palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity."

On the evening of the 29th of August, 1793, after toiling all day up a zigzag road, carrying their heavy knapsacks, Louis Philippe and Baudoin found themselves in a desolate valley, some seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Lofty snow-clad peaks towered all around. There was no vegetation, and the only sign of humanity was the Monastery of St. Gothard, inhabited by monks, who reside in this cheerless spot to assist travellers. "*Che volete*?"—what do you want? asked a monk in Italian from the casement, when Louis Philippe pulled the bell. "I wish refreshment and beds for myself and companion." "You cannot have it here," replied the monk; "we do not receive pedestrians, particularly travellers of your class." "But, reverend Father, I have money enough to pay for what we may have, even though we may not look very smart." "No, no," replied the capuchin, "this is no place for you, go to the out-building," and he closed the casement. There was no alternative, and the future King of the French was forced to sleep on straw, in a miserable loft over the stable, set apart for the muleteers and chamois hunters.

Some weeks after, in the little town of Gordona, in the Gordons, he was again refused admittance by the landlady of a tavern, who would not lodge such ragged and ill-looking wanderers. However, as it was very stormy and nearly night, she permitted them to sleep in her barn, after much importuning. Fatigued, and unable to proceed further, the Prince thankfully laid himself down upon some straw, and slept soundly until daylight, when he was awakened by the monotonous sound of footsteps pacing up and down near him. Opening his eyes, he saw to his utter astonishment a young peasant armed with a musket, keeping guard at his side, who coolly replied, on being asked why he thus stood sentry—"My aunt placed me here, with orders to kill you if you made any attempt to rob us; she is as suspicious a body, you must know, as she is stingy." Louis Philippe could not help laughing, but immediately paid the stipulated sum for his wretched accommodation, and dismissed his body guard.

Crossing the Lake Lucerne, he found on board the ferry-boat a French priest, who had no money, and who would have been ducked by the boatman for his fare, had Louis Philippe not paid it. There was also a merchant on board, who entered into conversation with the passengers, informing them that his name was Mauseada, and that he was an optician connected with an establishment in the Palais Royal of Paris. He spoke very familiarly of the Duke of Orleans, to whom he said he often sold spectacles, and then, to the momentary embarrassment of Louis Philippe, asserted that he was well acquainted with all the members of his family. Little did he think that the young man before him, with threadbare garments, a staff in his hand, and a knapsack on his back, was the Duke of Chartres.

At Lucerne he received a letter from General Montesquieu, informing him that there was a vacant professorship in the College of Reichenau,—a M. Chabaud, who was to have taken it, not having arrived. Louis Philippe determined to accept it, as the best way of preserving his incognito, and of adding to his slender pecuniary resources; and presented himself to M. Aloyse Jost, the director of the college, as a candidate. He passed a strict examination, and on the 10th of October, 1793, was received as Professor of Mathematics, the French Language, Geography, and History. Though only twenty years of age, he conformed with cheerfulness to hard fare, early hours, college rules, and strict discipline; every one, except M. Jost, thinking him the real M. Chabaud. While thus engaged, Louis Philippe learned the tragic end of his father, and after fulfilling his duties for eight months with scrupulous punctuality and care, he determined to visit his sister, who was about to leave Bremgarten for Hungary, to reside with her aunt, the Princess of Conti. At parting, the students gave him a snuff-box in testimony of their respect, and from the officers of the college he received a certificate, acknowledging the useful services he had rendered to the institution. It will be long, says General Cass, before the House of Orleans receives, in the person of one of its members, a reward more worth the regard of every man interested in the dignity of human nature. Neither was it merely as an instructor that he was successful, for such was the esteem in which he was held by the villagers, that he was elected Deputy from Reichenau.

Louis Philippe, now Duke of Orleans, left for Bremgarten on foot, and was met a few miles from the convent by his faithful Baudoin, whom he had sent in advance to reconnoitre, fearing that he might be received as at St. Gothard. "Come on, Monseigneur," said he, "you need not fear—we shall make a better supper here than with those rascally monks, for I have heard the turning of a spit, and smelt roast chicken, which is far more savory than the cheese which the muleteers gave us." After his sister Adelaide's departure, Louis Philippe resided with General Montesquieu until 1794, under the name of Corby, and with the title of aide-de-camp, engaged in schemes for establishing a constitutional monarchy at Paris. Some of his letters were intercepted, and only served to increase the suspicion with which he was regarded at Paris, by those terrible and ever-changing rulers, who at that era of desperate energy, governed and died in blood.

Accidentally overhearing a conversation between General Montesquieu and a visitor, he found that he was not only in danger himself, but that the hospitality he received might prove fatal to his host. Unwilling to expose his generosity to further peril, he determined to leave for Hamburg, where Madame de Genlis was residing and thence embark for the United States. Conversing with the commercial agent of the United States at Hamburg, on his arrival there, he found that the small allowance with which he was furnished by his uncle, the Prince of Modena, would not permit him to take so distant an expedition, and he was forced to postpone it.

Hamburg was, however, no place for him to remain as he was recognized every time he appeared in public. One day an old Royalist refugee, a bad specimen of a good race, openly insulted him, and accosting him in the public streets demanded, "What right the son of a regicide had to meet the victims of his father's atrocious conduct, and why he did not hide his head in obscurity or the dust?" Louis Philippe, who was unprepared for this unprincipled and ungentelemanly attack, fell back a few paces, regarded his adversary with a look of stern dignity, and then said, "Sir, if I have either offended or injured you, I am prepared to give you satisfaction, but if I have done neither, what will you one day think of yourself for having insulted in a foreign land a prince of fallen fortunes, and an honest and independent young man?" On another occasion at Hamburg, Louis Philippe—appealed to for relief by a former dependant on the bounty of his father "*Egalité*," but who had rushed from Paris to save his life, and had arrived at the city in question—explained to him that his means were so limited, and his expectations of assistance so scanty, that he really had not the power of doing all he could desire for one whom his father and mother had regarded with respect and pity. "But," added he, "I have *four louis* left, take one of them; when I shall replace it I know not; make the best use you can of this—we live in times when we must all economise." The poor, exiled, disconsolate old man was so struck with this proof of generosity, and of filial respect for the object of his father's and mother's bounty, that he declined receiving so much as one out of four louis from the Prince's hands; but Louis Philippe took to flight, and left the unhappy exile weeping with joy and gratitude.

The Scandinavian peninsula appeared to Louis Philippe a desirable field of travel, as it was not only well worthy of interest, but could be visited at little expense, and was so far from France, and so little frequented by French emigrants, that he would be secure from malicious pursuit. Passing by Jutland to Copenhagen, a banker on whom he had a letter of credit, made out in favour of Monsieur Corby, a Swiss traveller, procured for him under that name a Danish passport, which included his friend Count Montjoie and Baudoin.

Elseneur was their first stopping-place, where they visited the garden of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, immortalized by Shakspeare's genius. They then took a packet-boat for Gottenburg, whence they left on foot for Norway, stopping to admire the picturesque cascades of Gotha-Elf and the stupendous canal commenced two centuries ago, at Trollhattan, to connect the waters of the North Sea with the gulf of Bothnia. Crossing the frontier, the party stopped at Fredericksshall, where Charles XII. was killed. How little did Louis Philippe then think that future writers would apply to him the

last four lines of Dr. Johnson's stanza, describing the close of that ambitious monarch's life:—

"His death was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress and a dubious hand;
He left a name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral or adorn a tale."

Christiana was for some time the exile's residence and among Louis Philippe's friends was the Rev. M. Monod, an enlightened French Protestant clergyman whose urbanity and gentleness his successors are said to have lost. He regarding Louis Philippe, as Mr. Corby, their conversations turned on French democracy, and on one occasion, allusion having been made to the late Duke of Orleans, he observed: "I have been accustomed to hear much that is disgusting and revolting of the late Duke of Orleans, but I cannot help thinking he must have had some virtues mixed up with his evil propensities, for no reckless or worthless man could have taken so much pains with the education of his children. His eldest son, I have been assured, is the model of filial affection as well as of all the virtues." Louis Philippe felt his cheeks suffused with blushes, and M. Monod perceived it. "Do you know him, then?" asked M. Monod. "Yes, I do, a little," was the reply, "and I think you have somewhat exaggerated his praises."

The next time the venerable Protestant pastor saw him, Louis Philippe was in his own palace at the Palais Royal! M. Monod was at the head of the Protestant Consistory of Paris, and was visiting the illustrious Prince to congratulate him on his return to his native country. When the ceremony was over, the Duke called M. Monod aside, and asked, "How long it was since he had quitted Christiana?" "Oh! many years," replied the excellent man; "it is very kind of your Royal Highness to remember that I was ever an inhabitant of that city." "It is more, then, M. Monod, than you remember of me!" "Was your Royal Highness, then, ever an inhabitant of Christiana?" asked the astonished pastor. "Do you remember M. Corby—the young Corby?" inquired Louis Philippe? "Most certainly I do, and I have frequently sought for some intelligence with regard to him, but could procure none." "Then I was Mr. Corby," replied the Duke. The rest of the conversation can be easily imagined. Louis Philippe was much attached to the admirable M. Monod, to the hour of his death, and some of his affection for Protestant families, Protestant communities, and the Protestant clergy, can unquestionably be traced to the influence exercised by that gentleman over his mind.

On another occasion while at Christiana, his equanimity was disturbed, and at first he feared he was discovered. It is the custom of the inhabitants at a proper season, after having breakfasted, to go into the country, and there pass the residue of the day. After one of these excursions, when the family where the stranger had been received was preparing to return to town, he heard the son exclaim with a loud voice—"The carriage of the Duke of Orleans." He was recognized without doubt—but how could it be? Preserving his self-possession, however, and perceiving that the young man did not regard him, he was anxious to learn the cause of this singular annunciation. "Why," said he smiling, "did you call the carriage of the Duke of Orleans, and what relations have you with the Prince?" "None, indeed," answered his Norwegian friend; "but while at Paris, whenever we issued from the opera, I heard repeated from all quarters, 'The carriage of the Duke of Orleans!' I have been more than once stunned with the noise, and I just took it into my head to make the same exclamation."

Continuing his wanderings further north, LOUIS PHILIPPE took a perilous peep into the Maelstrom. But we must follow him to the States.

Owing to the prevalence of the yellow fever in the more southern cities, Boston was then unusually thronged with strangers, and Louis Philippe has often since spoken with great satisfaction of the pleasant evenings he passed at the houses of the Hon. H. G. Otis, John Amory, Esq., Col. Pickering, Gen. Knox, and others. He also recollected a Museum which was a place of fashionable resort, dancing assemblies given by Monsieur Dupont, and the humble Roman Catholic chapel, which had just been graced by the pious Cheverus.

Talleyrand was meanwhile busy in making purchases for the West India market, and wishing to visit the lumber contractors in Maine, the Princes joined him. They left Boston in a covered waggon, and passed some days at Newburyport, riding up one bank of the Merrimac to Haverhill, and returning by the other; and it once afforded great pleasure to the compiler of this work to hear Louis Philippe speak in high praise of this beautiful, though neglected river:—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair."

Journeying northward, the Princes were for a week guests at the Martin farm, on the borders of Sagamore creek, near Portsmouth. The Martin homestead is still standing, and some flowers sent from its garden to the Tuileries after Louis Philippe had ascended the throne, were acknowledged by an autograph letter. At Gardiner they accepted the hospitality of General Henry Dearborn, who occupied a house built in 1785, and destroyed by fire while the first sheet of this work was in the press.

Kosciusko had arrived in the United States, and the papers announcing that Lafayette and the Duchess of Orleans were on their way, the Princes returned to New York by Boston, Worcester, Hartford, New Haven, and New London. Letters of introduction given them in Boston procured them a hospitable greeting, and General Cass says that Governor Clinton, Judge Jay, Colonel Burr, and Colonel Hamilton appear to have been well known to Louis Philippe.

One day Talleyrand invited the Princes to join him on a fishing excursion, and they left in a small sail-boat without any attendant. The weather was delightful, the wind fair, and their boat glided along up the East River, the exiles singing some of the glees which they had learned at the Court of Versailles. All at once, they found themselves drawn into a large eddy, in which their frail craft was carried round and round with considerable velocity, and they were forced to ply their oars in order to escape. Louis Philippe used often to speak of Hell Gate, and laugh at the fears of the ex-bishop Talleyrand which displayed themselves in a continued volley of curses.

The commercial emporium of America was then a comparatively small town, and when a map of New York was exhibited to Louis Philippe in 1838, he could scarce credit its astonishing growth. With the lower part of the city, however, he appeared to be perfectly familiar, and descanted on the fine view from the Battery, and the meats at Fly Market, in a manner that would have gladdened the heart of a Knickerbocker.

Contrast these varied wanderings, with the brief and exciting adventures of the *Duchess DE BERRI; the Mother of the next King of France*, as many conjecture.

The Duchess of Berri landed near Marseilles on the night of the 29th May, 1831, her ardent Neapolitan having induced her to believe that as the mother of Henry V., success would crown her movements if she but showed herself in the kingdom. Some drunken sailors betraying the plot to the authorities of Marseilles, the disappointed Duchess was obliged to hasten to La Vendée, where her adventures were of the most hazardous and romantic nature. She assumed the dress of a peasant boy, a dark wig concealing her blond hair, and known as *Petit Pierre*, inhabited miserable hovels, where she ate the coarse food of the shepherds. But the troops were always upon her track, notwithstanding her ingenious evasions and the fidelity of the peasants; she never had an entire night of sleep, and, when daylight came, danger and fatigue woke with her.

To avoid this constant harassing she was induced to go to Nantes, where an asylum had long been prepared for her. To enter the city in safety was the next point deliberated upon by her friends; but the Duchess closed all discussion by saying that she should enter it on foot in the disguise of a peasant-girl, accompanied only by Mademoiselle Eulalie de Kersabiec and M. de Ménars. In consequence of this decision they started at six o'clock in the morning from the cottage in which they had slept. The Duchess and Mademoiselle de Kersabiec dressed alike as peasants, and M. de Ménars as a farmer. They had five leagues to journey on foot. After travelling half an hour, the thick-nailed shoes and worsted stockings so hurt the feet of the Duchess, that she seated herself upon the bank, took them off, thrust them into her large pockets, and continued the journey

barefooted. Having, however, remarked the peasant-girl who passed her on the road, she perceived that the whiteness of her ankles was likely to betray her; she therefore went to the roadside, took some dark-coloured earth, and, after rubbing her ankles with it, resumed her walk. Strange contrast this, from the body-guards resplendent with gold and silver, and the double carpet from Persia and Turkey which covered her bedchamber, to have for her escort an old man and a young girl, and walking barefoot on the sand and pebbles of the road! Her companions had tears in their eyes, but she had laughter and consolation on her lips. The country people had no suspicion that the little peasant-woman who tripped so lightly by them was any other than her dress indicated.

At length Nantes appeared in sight, and the Duchess put on her shoes and stockings to enter the town. While traversing the streets, somebody tapped the Duchess on the shoulder; she started and turned round. The person who acted thus familiarly was an old apple-woman, who had placed her basket of fruit on the ground, and was unable by herself to replace it upon her head. "My good girls," she said, addressing the Duchess and Mlle. de Kersabiec, "help me, pray, to take up my basket, and I will give each of you an apple." The Duchess of Berri, with her companion, put the load upon the head of the old woman, who was going away without giving the promised reward, when the Duchess seized her by the arm and said, "Stop, mother, where's my apple?" The old woman having given it to her, she was eating it with an appetite sharpened by a walk of five leagues, when, raising her eyes, they fell upon a placard headed by these three words, in very large letters, "State of Siege." This was the decree which outlawed the four departments of La Vendée, and set a price upon the Duchess's head. She approached the placard, and calmly read it through, while the alarm of her companions may be easily imagined. At length she resumed her walk, and in a few minutes reached the house at which she was expected, where she took off her clothes, covered with dirt, which are now preserved there as relics. She soon afterwards proceeded to the residence of Mles. Deguigny, No. 3, Rue Haute du Château, where an apartment was prepared for her, and within this apartment a place of concealment. This was a recess within an angle, closed by the chimney of the innermost room. An iron plate formed the entrance to the hiding place, and was opened by a spring. For five months the Duchess remained concealed, and, though the authorities were positively assured she was within the city, no clue to her discovery could be procured.

An apostate Jew, of the name of Deutz, who had formerly been employed by the Duchess at the recommendation of the Pope, was her betrayer. This wretch, whom General Dumoncourt says, he should never pass in the street without bestowing a horsewhipping upon him, did he not think that his horses would be degraded by being afterwards flogged with the same whip, succeeded in discovering her residence, and immediately acquainted the Governor of Nantes with it. The whole neighbourhood was invested with military, and a detachment was observed to be in full march towards the house. The Duchess and her companions hastened to the recess; the entrance to this was by no means easy, on account of its smallness. The Duchess insisted upon being the last to enter, and she was in the act of closing the aperture when the soldiers opened the door of the room. The party consisted of four persons, M. de Ménars, M. Guibourg, Mlle. Stylette Kersabiec, and the Duchess. Sentries were immediately posted in all the rooms. Drawers, cupboards, and other pieces of furniture were unlocked or broken open. Sappers and masons sounded the floors and walls with hatchets and hammers. The Duchess and her companions heard workmen hammering with all their might against the wall of the apartment contiguous to her recess, and some of these blows were struck with such force, that the fugitives feared the entire wall would fall and crush them to death.

After a useless search, which lasted during the greater part of the night, the police officers, despairing of success, retired, but left sentries throughout the house, and two gendarmes were stationed in the very room containing the secret recess. The poor prisoners were, therefore, obliged to remain very still, though their situation must have been most painful in a small closet, in which the men could not stand upright even by

placing their heads between the rafters. Moreover, the night was damp and cold, so that the party was almost chilled to death. But no one ventured to complain, as the Duchess did not. The cold was so piercing that the gend'armes stationed in the room could bear it no longer. One of them therefore went down stairs, and returned with some dry turf, with which he kindled a fire. This at first was a great comfort to the Duchess and her companions, who were almost frozen; but after a short time the wall became so hot that neither of them could bear to touch it, and the cast-iron plate was red hot. Almost at the same time, though it was not dawn, the labours of the persons in search of the Duchess recommenced. The wall of the recess was struck so violently, that the prisoners thought that they were pulling down the house and those adjoining, so that the Duchess thought, that, if she escaped the flames, she would be crushed to death by the falling ruins. During the whole of these trying moments neither her courage nor her gaiety forsook her. In the meantime the fire was not kept up, so that the wall gradually cooled. M. de Menars also had pushed aside several slates, so that a little fresh air was admitted, and after a while the workmen abandoned their labours in that part of the house.

One of the gend'armes had been asleep throughout all the noise, and was now awakened by his companion, who wished to have a nap in his turn. The other had become chilled during his sleep, and felt almost frozen when he awoke. He, therefore, relit the fire; and, as the turf did not burn fast enough, he threw in some newspapers which were in the room. This produced a thicker smoke and a greater heat, so that the prisoners were now in danger of suffocation. The plate, too, became heated to a terrific degree; and the whole place was so hot that they were obliged to place their mouths against the slates in order to exchange their burning breath for fresh air.

The Duchess, who was nearest the plate, suffered the most; she, however, refused to change her place. The party was now in danger of being burned alive. The plate had become red hot, and the lower part of the clothes of the four prisoners seemed likely to catch fire. The dress of the Duchess had already caught twice, and she had extinguished it with her naked hands at the expense of two burns, of which she long after bore the marks. The heat had now become so great, that their lungs became greatly oppressed; and to remain ten minutes longer in such a furnace would have endangered the life of her Royal Highness. Her companions entreated her to go out, but she positively refused. Big tears of rage rolled from her eyes, which the burning air immediately dried upon her cheeks. Her dress again caught fire, and again she extinguished it; but in so doing she accidentally pushed back the spring which closed the door of the recess, and the plate of the chimney opened a little. Mlle. de Kersabiec immediately put forward her hand to close it, and burned herself dreadfully. The motion of the plate having made the turf roll back, the gend'arme perceived it, and fancied the heat had driven some rats from a hiding-place. He woke his companion, and they placed themselves, sword in hand, on each side of the chimney, ready to cut in two the first that should appear.

At the same time the Duchess declared she could hold out no longer, and M. de Menars kicked open the plate. The gend'armes started back in astonishment, and called out, "Who's there?" "I," replied the Duchess; "I am the Duchess of Berri; do not hurt me." The gend'armes immediately rushed to the fire-place and kicked the blazing fuel out of the chimney. The Duchess came forth first, and was obliged to place both hands and feet upon the burning hearth; her companions followed. It was now half-past nine o'clock in the morning, and the party had been shut up in their recess for sixteen hours without food. The Duchess was removed to the castle, and thence in November, 1832, to the citadel of Blaye, which was the scene of her dishonour.

All this may before long have a greater interest than the several recent political incidents which are vividly sketched by our author, but with which the public are more or less familiar from the public journals. The French experiment in Republicanism will soon work

itself out, and the choice between a military despotism, and recurring to the old line of traditional kings, is not unlikely to result in favour of the elevation of the Duke of Bordeaux to the crown of his ancestors.

PHILOSOPHY.

Household Education. By HARRIET MARTINEAU. London: Moxon. 1849.

MISS MARTINEAU possesses one of the finest intellects, and one of the most candid and liberal minds among the writers of the present age. Her thoughts are as clear and original, as her style is terse and nervous. Her writings give evidence of a mind elevated above all little aims, and earnestly feeling that to give voice to its own convictions in the spirit of charity, is the mission of an author. Disagreeing with Miss MARTINEAU as we do on some points, it is impossible not to be struck throughout every page of her writings with her eminent truthfulness. It is our firm belief, that were all reasoners or disputants like Miss MARTINEAU, were the truth rather than *my* opinion the object, were all resolved to search for this truth at all hazards, and abide by it when found at all risks, counting all loss as gain for its sake, and reverencing in others this honest adherence to a conviction the result of inquiry, even if that conviction should be at variance with their own, diversity of views would soon cease, and unity of charity would bring in its train unity of opinion. We would not, however, be thought to mean by this, that all opinions are the same if honestly entertained. On the contrary, we believe there is but *one* truth. No sect or party, we think, holds, absolutely in doctrine and practice, the whole of this truth; perhaps each may have some part peculiar to itself; but if we should ever, as a society, attain to the liberality we have alluded to, and which, after all, is no more than Christian charity, we may then hope for the sequent blessing; for, hardened no longer by pride, each will listen to what all have to urge; and, blinded no longer by prejudice, will receive with a welcome the good thing, from whatever quarter it may come.

Miss MARTINEAU, unlike most didactic writers, assumes no airs of superiority, informing her readers at the very outset of her work, that her subject is so inexhaustible, that she does not see "how any person whatever can undertake to lecture upon it authoritatively, as if it was a matter completely known and entirely settled." In the following passage, she defines her idea of what ought to be

HOUSEHOLD EDUCATION.

Once for all, let me declare here, what I hope will be remembered throughout, that I have no ambition to teach; but a strong desire to set members of households consulting together about their course of action towards each other. It will be seen by these last words that I consider all the members of a household to be going through a process of education together. I am not thinking only of parents drawing their chairs together when the children have gone to bed, to talk over the young people's qualities and ways. That is all very well; but it is only a small part of the business. I am not thinking of the old, experienced grandfather, or grandmother talking at the fireside, telling the parents of the sleeping children, how they ought to manage them, and what rules and methods were in force in their day. This is all very well; and every sensible person will be thankful to hear what the aged have to tell, out of their long knowledge of life: but this again is a very small part of the matter. Every member of the household—children, servants, apprentices—every inmate of the dwelling, must have a share in the family plan. Of

course, this does not mean that children who have scarcely any knowledge, little judgment, and no experience, are to have a choice about the rules of their own training. The object of training is one thing; and the rules and methods are another. With rules and methods they have nothing to do but to obey them till they become able to command themselves. But there is no rational being who is not capable of understanding, from the time he can speak, what it is to wish to be good. The stupidest servant-girl, and the most thoughtless apprentice boy, are always impressed by seeing those about them anxious to improve; and especially the oldest of all, endeavouring to become wiser and wiser, and better and better, as their few remaining days dwindle away. If the family plan, therefore, be the grand comprehensive plan which is alone worthy of people who care about education at all—a plan to do the best that is possible by each other for the improvement of all—every member of the family above the yearling infant must be a member of the domestic school of mutual instruction, and must know that he is so.

The authoress then proceeds to inquire, "What the schooling is for," and, as we should expect from Miss MARTINEAU, her views upon this subject are the loftiest:

And thus, while it is, and ever will be of the utmost importance that we should preserve the aim of becoming like Christ, it yet remains to be settled among us, in fact, though not perhaps in words, what Christ was, the image of him in different minds varying so endlessly as they certainly do. The only method that appears to me absolutely safe and wise, is one which perfectly well agrees with our taking this great exemplar as our model. Each of us has a frame, "fearfully and wonderfully made;" with such a variety of powers, that no one yet knows them all, or can be sure that he understands the extent of any one of them. It is impossible that we can be wrong in desiring and endeavouring to bring out and strengthen and exercise all the powers given to every human being. In my opinion, this should be the aim of education. I have said "to bring out and strengthen and exercise all the powers." Some would add, "and balance them." But if all were faithfully exercised, I am of opinion that a better balance would ensue than we could secure, so partial as are our views, and so imperfect as has been the training of the best of us.

The aim proposed—of doing justice to all the powers of every human being under training—includes all alike, and must, therefore, be just. It includes women, the poor, the infirm—all who were rejected or slighted under former systems—while it does more for the privileged than any lower principle ever proposed to do. It appears that under it none will be the worse, but all the better, in comparison of this with any lower aim.

To us it appears that this plan is not more conformable to reason and expediency, than it is to religion, natural and revealed. Can we suppose that the Creator does not know what is best for his creature? or that He ever bestows His gifts that they may be in vain? Or can there anywhere be a clearer intimation than in the parable of the "Talents," that the powers of every human being were given to be used, and that not only for their abuse, but merely for their neglect, we shall be called to account? It has ever seemed to us that, in most didactic works, individuality is left too much out of the question. An ideal model of goodness and propriety is set up for our imitation. "That is what you must become," says the teacher, without in the least reflecting that perhaps, from the very nature of the person addressed, to become such is impossible. We all best fulfil the ends of our existence by being *ourselves*. There are only two things in which it is absolutely desirable that all should be alike, and these are, love to God and man. But the streams from these two all-glorious sources, and, indeed, they are reducible to one, may flow in as many channels as there are countless myriads of created beings.

The first requisite in giving advice is to understand the nature and circumstances of those to whom the advice is given. Understanding human character as Miss MARTINEAU does, in its diversity as well as in its similitude, her advice is, for the most part, sound, sensible, free from partial views, and adapted to all.

From an excellent chapter on the "Natural Possessions of Man," we make room for a short extract, descriptive of the most important of all:

THE WILL.

Then there is in man a force by which he can win and conquer his way through all opposition of circumstances, and the same force in others. His power of will is the greatest force on earth—the most important to the individual, and the most influential over the whole race. A strong will turned to evil lets hell loose upon the world. A strong will wholly occupied with good, might do more than we can tell to bring down heaven into the midst of us. If among all the homes of our land, there be one infant in whom this force is discovered working strongly, and if that infant be under such guardianship as to have its will brought to bear on things that are pure, holy, and lovely, to that being we may look as to a regenerator of our race. He may be anywhere, where there are children. Are there any parents who will not look reverently into the awful nature of their children, search into their endowments, and try of every one of them whether it may not be he? If not he; it is certain that every one of them is a being too mysterious, too richly gifted, and too noble in faculties not to be welcomed and cherished as a heaven-sent stranger. How can we too carefully set in order the home in which it is to dwell?

But we may add that, through a strong and life-giving principle, even a naturally weak will may eventually become a strong one. It is through the ratification of the will, by the purification of the affections, that human beings rise above their manifold temptations within and without, and obtain the victory in the great battle of life.

In educating a child, the first thing to be considered is, what it is that he is wished to turn out. Parents generally wish their children to become such as the opinion of their own time and country shall approve. Miss MARTINEAU makes the following judicious remarks on the law of opinion as it at present exists in this country, and indicates its short-comings in its practical working:

We are all agreed from end to end to society, that truthfulness, integrity, courage, purity, industry, benevolence, and a spirit of reverence for sacred things, are inexpressibly desirable and excellent. But when it comes to the question of the degree of these good things which it is desirable to attain, we find the difference between the opinion of the many and that of the higher few. A being who had these qualities in the highest degree could not get on in our existing society without coming into conflict with our law of opinion at almost every step. If he were perfectly truthful, he must say and do things in the course of his business which would make him wondered at and disliked; he might be unable to take an oath, or enter into any sort of vow, or sell his goods prosperously, or keep on good terms with bad neighbours. If he were perfectly honourable and generous, he might find it impossible to trade or labour on the competitive principle, and might thus find himself helpless and despised among a busy and wealth-gathering society. If he were perfectly courageous, he might find himself spurned for cowardice in declining to go to war, or fight a duel. If he were perfectly pure, he might find himself rebuked and pitied for avoiding a mercenary marriage, and entering upon one which brings with it no advantage of connexion or money. If the same purity should lead him to see, that though the virtue of chastity cannot be overrated, it has for low purposes been made so prominent as to interfere with others quite as important, if he should see how thus a large proportion of the girlhood of England is plunged into sin and shame, and then excluded from all justice

and mercy; if, seeing this, he is just and merciful to the fallen, it is probable that his own respectability will be impeached, and that some stain of impurity will rest upon his name. If he is perfectly industrious, strenuously employing his various faculties upon important objects, he will be called an idler in comparison with those who work in only one narrow track; as an eminent author of our time was accused by the housemaid who was for ever dusting the house, of "wasting his time a-writing and reading so much." Just so the majority of men who have one sort of work to do, accuse him of idleness who has more directions for his industry than they can comprehend. If he is perfectly benevolent, he cannot hope to be considered a prudent, orderly, quiet member of society. He will be either incessantly spreading himself abroad, and spending himself in the service of all about him, or maturing, in retirement, some plan of ratification which will be troublesome to existing interests. If he be perfectly reverent in soul, looking up to the loftiest subjects of human contemplation with an air too deep and true to admit of any mixture of levity or superstition, he will probably be called an infidel; or at least a dangerous person, for not passively accepting the sayings of men instead of searching out the truth by the faithful use of his own powers.

But Miss MARTINEAU does not, therefore, regard a law of opinion as prejudicial to the interests of society:

Now it must never be forgotten that it is a good thing that there must be everywhere such a law of opinion on this subject, though it necessarily falls below the estimate of the wisest. Some rule and method in the rearing of human beings there must be; and if some are dwarfed under it, many more have a better chance than they would have if it were not a settled matter that truth, courage, benevolence, &c., are good things. Till the constitution and training of the human being are better and more extensively understood than they are, the general rule is something to go by, as the product of a general instinct; and it will work upon nearly all those who are born under it, so as to bring them into something like order.

It is the advance towards perfection of the law of opinion, in which consists the progress of civilization. The experience of each generation, the thoughts of each lofty and original mind, whether expressed in words or actions, adds something to its ever-increasing value, as the standard by which the bulk of mankind are to measure themselves. But whilst society advances, human nature ever remains the same—a nature fallen from innocence, and with the knowledge of evil which the internal consciousness of its existence alone can bestow, and yet having a power given it to obtain the means of rising as far beyond its original state, as one who has come out victorious from a struggle is beyond one who has never been tried. The guilt of wrong actions, whether with regard to societies or individuals, is in one sense relative. Thus, within the last hundred years, the theory of right has made considerable advance: now, unless the practice has advanced in the same proportion, we are not better than our forefathers, but worse. After giving some excellent hints on the care of the frame, Miss MARTINEAU proceeds to consider the development of the moral powers. We shall make a few extracts from the chapters devoted to this subject, at the same time earnestly recommending all our readers to peruse the book for themselves. To parents more especially the work will prove of great value.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE WILL.

Nature points out that the true method is to control the will, not by another person's will, but by the other faculties of the child itself. When the child wills what is right and innocent, let the faculty work freely. When it wills what is wrong and hurtful, appeal to other faculties and let this one sleep; engage its

memory or its hope or its affection. If the infant bent on having something that it ought not, put the forbidden object out of sight, and amuse the child with something else. Avoid both indulgence and opposition, and a habit of docility will be formed by the time the child becomes capable of deliberate self-control. * * Above all things it is important that the parental administration should be one of love and not of fear. There can be no healthful growth of the will under the restraints of fear. The fact is, the will is not trained at all in any frightened person.

HOW TO TRAIN THE FACULTY OF HOPE.

First it must be cherished. Some well meaning parents suppress and even extinguish it, from the notion that this is the way to teach humility and self-denial. The consequence is that they break the main spring of action in the child's mind, and everything comes to a stand. * * * There are too many children who are balked of their mother's sympathy because she is busy or fretful, or of their father's, because he is stern. Too many little hearts are made to swell in silence, because they cannot get justice, or burn under the suspicion that their aspirations are despised. After this, what can they do? At best they carry their confidence elsewhere, and make their chief interests away from home: and it is too probable they will give up their plans and aspirations, and sink down to lower hopes. A boy who aspires to discover the North Pole, or to write a book which will teach the world something greater than it ever knew before, will presently sink down to be greedy after lollypops; and a girl who means to try whether a woman cannot be as good as Jesus Christ, may presently be discouraged down to the point of reckoning on Sunday because she is to have a new ribbon on her bonnet. In the case of every human being, hope is to be cherished from first to last; not the hope of the particular thing that the child has set its mind on, unless the thing itself be good; but the hopeful mood of mind. The busiest mother can have nothing so important as satisfying her child's heart by a word or a look of sympathy; and the most anxious father can have nothing so grave to occupy him as the peril he puts his child into by plunging him into undeserved fear and disappointment.

Our next extract describes what we believe to be a not uncommon feature in the character of children, particularly of such as possess minds of a higher and more imaginative cast; and is also interesting from the personal reminiscence of childhood which it contains. It treats of

THE FACULTY OF FEAR.

No creature is so intensely reserved as a proud and timid child: and the cases are few in which the parents know anything of the agonies of its little heart, the spasms of its nerves, the soul-sickness of its days, the horrors of its nights. It hides its miseries under an appearance of indifference or obstinacy, till its habitual terror impairs its health, or drives into a temper of defiance or recklessness. I can speak with some certainty of this from my own experience. I was as timid a child as ever was born; yet nobody knew, or could know the extent of this timidity; for though abundantly open about everything else, I was as secret as the grave about this. I had a dream at four years old which terrified me to such an excess that I cannot now recall it without a beating of the heart. I could not look up at the sky on a clear night; for I felt as if it was only just above the tree tops and must crush me. I could not cross the yard except at a run, from a sort of feeling, with no real belief,—that a bear was after me. The horrors of my nights were inexpressible. The main terror, however, was a magic lantern which we were treated with once a year, and sometimes twice. We used to talk of this exhibition as a prodigious pleasure; and I contrived to reckon on it as such; but I never saw the white cloth, with its yellow circle of light, without being in a cold perspiration from head to foot. One of the pictures on the slides was always suppressed by my father, lest it should frighten the little ones; a dragon's head vomiting flames. He little thought that a girl of thirteen could be terrified by this; but when I was thirteen,—old enough to be put in charge of some children who were to see the magic lantern,—this slide was exhibited by one of my brothers among the rest.

I had found it hard enough to look and laugh before; and now I turned so faint that I could not stand but by grasping a chair. But for the intensity of my shame I should have dropped. Much of the benefit of instruction was lost to me during all the years that I had masters: my memory failed me when they knocked at the door, and I could never ask a question, or get a voice to make a remark. I could never play to my music master, or sing with a clear voice, but when I was sure nobody could hear me. Under all this, my health was bad; my behaviour was dogged and provoking, and my temper became, for a time, insufferable. Its improvement began from the year when I first obtained some release from habitual fear. During these critical years I misled everybody about me, by a habit of concealment on this one subject, which I am sure I should not now have strength for under any inducement whatever. Because I climbed our apple-tree, and ran along the top of a high wall, and took great leaps, and was easily won by benevolent strangers, and because I was never known to hint or own myself afraid, no one suspected that fear was at the bottom of the immovable indifference and apparently unfeeling obstinacy by which I perplexed and annoyed everybody about me. I make these confessions willingly, in the hope that some inexperienced or busy parent may be awakened by them to observe whether the seeming apathy of a child be really from indifference, or the outward working of some hidden passion of fear.

Much judicious counsel is here given on the training of this power, which our limits prevent us from inserting. To all who have experienced the bondage of fear in their own persons, or who mourn over it in their children, the following must prove a bright encouragement:

As for the case of the timid child,—let not the parent be disheartened, for the noblest courage of man or woman has often grown out of the excessive fears of the child. It is true, the little creature is destined to undergo many a moment of agony, many an hour of misery, many a day of discouragement; but all this pain may be more than compensated for by the attainment of such a freedom and strength at last as may make it feel as if it had passed from hell to heaven. Think what it must be for a being who once scarcely dared to look round from fear of lights on the ceiling or shadows on the wall, who started at the patter of the rain, or the rustle of the birds leaving the spray, who felt suffocated by the breeze and maddened by the summer lightning, to pass free, fearless, and glad, through all seasons and their changes—all climates, and their mysteries or dangers;—to pass exhilarated through raging seas, over glaring deserts, and among wild forests! Think what it must be for a creature who once trembled before a new voice or a grave countenance, and writhed under a laugh of ridicule, and lied, at the cost of deep mental agony, to avoid a rebuke,—think what it must be to such a creature to find itself at last free and fearless,—enjoying such calm satisfaction within as to suffer nothing from the ridicule or the blame of those who do not know his mind, and so thoroughly acquainted with the true values of things as to have no dread of sickness or poverty, or the world's opinion, because no evil that can befall him can touch his peace.

Perhaps our readers may now more clearly understand how one of the most timid of timid children should have become the boldest thinking and most courageous writer of her sex, now living. Another instance of a very timid little girl becoming developed into a woman of more than ordinary courage is to be found in the case of the late Mrs. ELIZABETH FRY.

This courage in both sprang from that same faculty of fear, that would seem, on a superficial view of the subject, to preclude its existence. Miss MARTINEAU calls this root of true courage, the dread of doing wrong for conscience sake:—Mrs. FRY would probably have called it the fear of grieving the One whom her soul loved because without Him she was nothing.

Excellent are Miss MARTINEAU's remarks on patience, infirmity, and idleness. Of the

last, her views are noble and consoling in the highest degree. The mortifications to which those afflicted with deformity or bodily infirmity are subject, are, in her opinion, generally greatly aggravated by injudicious treatment and mistaken kindness:

How much of this might be obviated, as well as the shyness and timidity of those who are left to themselves by timely confidence between the mother and child! When they are alone together, calm and quiet, let her tell him that he does not look like other children, that he will look less like other people as he grows older. Never let her tell him that this is of no great consequence—never let her utter the cant that is talked to young ladies at schools, that the charms of the mind are everything, and those of the form and face nothing. This is not true; and she ought to know that it is not; and nothing but truth will be strong enough to support him in what he must undergo. Let her not be afraid to tell him the worst. He had better hear it from her; and it will not be too much for him, if told in a spirit of cheerful patience. The child, like the man, never has a happier hour than that which succeeds the reception of bad news, if the nobler faculties are allowed their free play. If such a child hears from his mother that he will always be ugly shaped and odd-looking,—that he will not be able to play as other boys do, or will be laughed at when he tries; that he will be mocked at and called "my lord," in the streets, and so on, and yet that all these things will not make him unhappy if he can bear them; and she opens out to him something of the sweet pleasures of endurance, he will come out of the consultation exhilarated, and perhaps proudly longing to meet his mortifications, and try his strength. Such pride must have a fall,—like all the pride of childhood,—and many an hour of depression must he know for every one of exhilaration: but his case is put into his own hands, and there is every hope that he will conquer through patience, at last.

The next is from a chapter on the faculty of love:

A little girl who had to lose her leg, promised to lie still if she might have her doll in her arms; and wonderfully still she lay clasping her doll. When it was over, the surgeon thoughtlessly said, "Now shall I cut off your dolly's legs?" "Oh! no, no," cried the child, in an agony of mind far greater than she had shown before; "not my doll's legs,—don't hurt my doll!" And she could hardly be comforted. Here was an affection the same as the mother's—and as strong and true: but of a different kind from that which children can ever feel for parents; for it is purely instinctive, while the love of children for parents is made up of many elements, and must slowly grow out of, not only a natural power of attachment, but a long experience of hope, reliance, veneration, and gratitude. This instinctive love is a pretty thing to witness: as in the case of a little child who had a passionate love of flowers. She would silently carry out her little chair in the summer morning, and sit down in the middle of the flower bed, and be overheard softly saying, "Come you little flower—open, you little flower! When will you open your pretty blue eye?" This is charming; and so it is to see an infant fondling a kitten, or feeding the brood of chickens, and a girl singing lullaby to her doll. But it must ever be remembered, that this is the lowest form of human affection till it is trained into close connexion with the higher sentiments. What it is when left to itself—and it will too probably be left to itself by parents who are satisfied with any manifestation of affection in children;—what it is, when left to itself, may be seen in some disgusting spectacles which occasionally meet our eyes among the mature and the old. We see it in the young mother who spoils her child—who loves it with so low a love, that she indulges it to its hurt. We see it in the aged mother who loves her manly son as a bear loves its cub;—only with more selfishness, for she cannot consider his good, but lavishes ill-humour and fondlings on him by turns. We see it in the man who gives his mind to the comfort of his horse; and never a look or a word to a hungry neighbour. We see it in a woman who opens her arms to every dog or cat that comes near her, whose eyes brighten and whose cheek mantles, while she feeds her caparies, though she never had a friendship, nor cares for any human being but such as are under five years

old. Thus low is this instinctive affection when left to itself. But it is inestimable when linked on to other higher kinds of love, and especially to that which is highest of all, and worthy to gather into itself all the rest,—benevolence.

We conclude with the following advice on the training of the power of veneration:—

The point on which a child's veneration will first materially fix will be Power. It must be the parent's first business to fix that veneration on authority, instead of mere power. Instead of the power to shut up in a closet and to whip, the child must reverence the authority which reveals itself in calm control or gentle command. The parents must be the first objects of the child's disciplined reverence. Even here, in this first clear case, the faculty cannot work well without sympathy: and the child must have sympathy from the parents themselves. He must see that his parents respect each other; that they consider one another's authority unquestionable in the household; and that they reverence their parent—if granny be still alive among them.

Essay on Human Happiness. By C. B. ADDERLEY, M.P. London: Ollivier.

THE search after human happiness has been a popular vocation ever since the world began: hence it is a trite subject; nor has Mr. ADDERLEY (as far as we can judge from the little volume at present published, which is but the first part of the proposed essay) presented the public with any very new ideas.

It is, however, thoroughly well-intentioned, and written in a truly evangelical spirit, somewhat in the manner of WILBERFORCE; and, coming from a layman, it may arrest the attention of those who are suspicious of clerical admonitions.

It is doubtless meant only for the perusal of the highly educated few, and not for the illiterate many, as it is written in a style which would certainly confine its usefulness to that sphere. We do not say this in disparagement, for it has been too much the fashion for religious writers to adopt a plainness of language, often amounting to coarseness. Whereas, to do good, the author must not start by offending the taste and prejudices of a reader whose habits and education have led him to consider a certain elegance of diction as necessary as the truth of the subject-matter.

The aim and purpose of Mr. ADDERLEY's argument might be expressed in the words of AKENSIDE.

"To join
Our partial movements with the master wheel
Of the great world, and serve that sacred end,
Which he, the unerring Reason, keeps in view."

Our author describes human nature as in a struggle after lost perfection, and he says

As we work out the attainment of our destiny, we seem gathering up the fragments of a past possession, while every moment the opening reality exceeds the pre-conceived idea in glory.

He shows that happiness consists in "the sustained pursuit of good intentions," which good intentions are a desire for complete conformity to the will of God.

We recommend this little work to all who reflect on their "being's end and aim."

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Glance at Revolutionized Italy, a Visit to Messina, and a Tour through the Kingdom of Naples, &c., in the Summer of 1848. By CHARLES MAC FARLANE, Author of "Constantinople in 1848," &c. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1849.

MR. MAC FARLANE is one of a class, happily not very numerous, who have a natural love

for whatever is despotic, a natural antipathy to freedom: who are never so happy as when they are prostrating themselves before the powerful, and then, with a consciousness of the silent rebuke conveyed to their own abasement in the upright attitude of the freeman, are furiously desirous that others should be compelled to bend as low; they voluntarily bow themselves, and rejoice in the triumph of absolutism everywhere, and weep over the victories of liberty anywhere.

It is necessary to understand this characteristic of Mr. MAC FARLANE's mind when perusing the two volumes he has just published upon the state of Revolutionized Italy, or otherwise the reader may be grievously misled. We do not mean to say that Mr. MAC FARLANE purposely misreports and misrepresents. Far from it. We have no doubt that he entertains the most perfect belief that every word is strictly true. But a very little knowledge of human nature teaches us that men having his strong feelings and unreasoning mind are wont to see all things under a disguise, coloured by the hues of the medium of passion and prejudice through which they are viewed. For these allowance must be made, and especially when he treats of persons and events likely to kindle those passions and grate upon those prejudices. It is impossible to open any page of these volumes without finding proofs of the presence of these distorting media, and great care is required to prevent the interest which attaches to the subject, the spirit of the descriptions, the life and energy of the narratives, and the writer's manifest sincerity, from tempting insensibly to confidence in his trustworthiness. As a book of amusement, this account of Revolutionized Italy is exceedingly attractive; but, as a book for information, as a sketch of the present in which reliance can be placed, or of the probable future, it is of small value.

We agree with him that the bulk of the native Italians proved as tame in act as they were braggart in words. But all were not so bad as he describes them.

ITALIAN PATRIOTS.

I have lived much among boasting, braggadocio nations or people, but I never heard such vapouring as among these unwashed Messinese patriots. We walked over nearly the whole of the city: everywhere the same armed and turbulent mobs. We could scarcely see a man working at his trade, or pursuing any peaceful occupation. If the fellows had been drilling, or even learning the goose-step, it would have been something, but they were engaged in nothing but talk—loud talk, vehement disputations, and with such violent contortions of countenance, and such gesticulations as can be made only by Sicilians, Neapolitans, and Greeks. Beggars of the town, and famishing peasants from the mountains—men and women, old and young, squalling infants, the lame, the halt, and the blind, and the representatives of nearly all other human calamities—were swelling the horrible discord. In the main street the noise was astounding. It was a scene of Dante's Hell.

Somewhat overcharged, although very graphic, is this picture of

AN ITALIAN TOWN.

The town of Foligno was all in a bustle, for it was a head-quarter of liberalism and clubism, and abounded with national guardsmen and other men fiercely bearded. Mattresses might have been stuffed with the croppings of these long black beards of the patriots of Foligno. A printing-press was hard at work in the main street, striking off inflammatory placards and unauthorized proclamations; and in the bookseller's shop attached to the printing establishment they were vending inflammatory trash that was enough to make an explosion and blow the town to pieces. There was a translation of Lamartine's historical romance called the "History of

the Girondins," and in which the romantical prevails over the historical in about the same proportion that the whisky prevails over the water in the toddy of a hard-drinking Highlander: there were the works of Vincenzo Gioberti, the great apostle of Italian Unitarianism, down to the last pamphlet which the post had brought from Turin (but this last pamphlet, though new in Foligno, would be old by to-day in Turin, for Gioberti—eternally scribbling—seems to publish a pamphlet as often and as regularly as he eats his daily dinner); there were the political ravings of that stark mad Bolognese friar, Padre Gavazzi: and there were the drawing, and yet (to uninstructed Italians) exciting addresses and democratic visions of the Leghorn lawyer, Guerrazzi, who has been turned into a statesman and a minister of state, because he had written two long-winded Italian historical romances (not above the level of those that are manufactured in England by scores every year), and because he had made frequent use of the word "Patria," and had echoed the cuckoo song of Gioberti, that the Italians were, are, and ever will be, the first people in the world: there were the political works of Massimo Azeglio, another writer of historical romances, and not to mention others of less note, the prose works of Giuseppe Mazzini, who had done his best at Milan to make a desperate cause still more desperate by thwarting Charles Albert because he was a king, and by preaching a perfectibilian republicanism of his own invention. Except this precious political pabulum, there was nothing in the shop but certain atrocious libels against the King of Naples, and little treatises upon drill, &c., for the benefit of the citizen-soldiers. I could not see a single copy of any of the old historians, or poets, who have conferred such glory upon modern Italy, and who are held as classics in every civilized country upon earth. I saw nothing but the writings of the present day—nothing but wild, impracticable politics, trash and bombast.

The greater portion of these volumes are far too political for our columns, and appear to have been written with an express design to attack the Foreign Office and the Diplomatic Service, of which, if we remember rightly, Mr. MAC FARLANE was once a member. With all that we may not concern ourselves in this non-political journal, and we must seek for the remaining extracts among the few pages of more general interest. But, before we do this, we must take one powerful sketch of the

PROGRESS OF ITALIAN REPUBLICANISM.

In the morning they had a grand chanted mass and Te Deum in one of the Catholic churches: in the evening they had a subscription dinner at Blondel's Hôtel de France: and at night they made grand illuminations all along "Les Petits Champs des Morts," or smaller Turkish cemetery. "Viva Pio Nono!" was set forth in gigantic letters, composed of illumination-lamps; there were other inscriptions, and a lighting of blue lights and a letting off of fire-works; and a great deal of music played by a strolling band, and much mixing of whiskers and beards, and hugging and kissing among the patriots. We did not see the *festa*, having gone away the preceding evening to the Sultan's model farm at St. Stephano. We were, however, assured that the celebration went off joyously and harmoniously; that at the dinner they toasted his Sardinian Majesty Charles Albert, after his Holiness the Pope; that some of the Liberals were considerably excited by M. Blondel's champagne; and that nothing occurred to disturb the harmony of the meeting except a difficulty on the part of some of the patriots to pay their share of the reckoning.

As the Pope took further strides on the road of reform, and as Charles Albert assumed a more warlike and defiant attitude towards Austria, the expatriated patriots became louder in their talk, and higher in their pretensions. They began to wear tri-colour ribbons—the green, white, and red, being the tri-colours of Italy—and not satisfied with wearing these badges themselves, they pretended that every Italian in Turkey, or son, or grandson, or great-grandson of an Italian, should also wear them. Even in the shipping which arrived in port they would not tolerate the Bourbon flag of Naples, or the flag of Austria in Venetian or Dalmatian ships, or in any Italian vessel, any other flag than the

revolutionary tri-colour—a flag which had not been acknowledged by any power whatsoever. Although it was not easy to discover how such a functionary or such a mission could affect the Italian cause, these liberals attached an amazing deal of importance to the coming of Bishop Ferrieri, the Pope's nuncio and envoy to Sultan Abdul Medjid. At length, in January, 1848, it was officially announced that the Nuncio had embarked on board of a Genoese man-of-war, belonging to the Pope's ally, Charles Albert, and that he might be expected at Constantinople in a few days. The Italian colonists called a grand meeting to deliberate and decide upon the best means of giving the Nuncio a splendid reception. They voted the erection of a triumphal arch, with appropriate inscriptions, down in Galata; they voted that the whole body of the Italians, attired in their best, and wearing tri-colour scarfs and cockades, should meet the most reverend Signor at the landing-place on the Golden Horn; they voted that there should be a long procession of flags, and that a large tri-colour flag, with the inscription, "Union and Independence of all Italy," should head the procession in going and returning. Placards were printed and stuck up, containing the abstracts of these votes, together with a call upon every Italian in the country to be present on the occasion, and to comport himself as a true Italian patriot and unionist. Count Sturmer, the Austrian ambassador to the Porte, who had been frequently annoyed and vexed before, took umbrage at the union and independence banner; and, representing to the Porte that a very considerable part of Upper Italy belonged to his master the Emperor, he obtained from Reschid Pasha, the Grand Vizier, and from Ali Pasha, the minister of foreign affairs, a positive order that the Italian processionists should not carry the national or revolutionary flag. They were left free to carry any other flag, device, or emblem. The chiefs of the movement party decided that, as they could not carry the tri-colour national banner, they would carry nothing at all, and get up no procession to receive the Nuncio.

At Naples he heard

A MUSICAL PRODIGY.

One evening we drove to Sorrento, with the Duchess of Atri and her family, to visit one of her sisters at the Villa Correale. Even for the month of August, and this delicious climate, it was a wonderfully brilliant and beautiful evening. From the road, which runs nearly everywhere close about the bay, we saw the sun sit in all its glory behind the sublime volcanic peaks of the Island of Tschia. I never saw such a sky or such a colouring in Greece or Turkey. At many points of the road, vineyards and olive-groves above our heads, and olive-groves and vineyards at our feet. Coming upon the Viano di Sorrento, where there is a broad level space about a mile and a half long, we were in the midst of walled-in gardens, and groves of orange, lemon, and citron trees, which loaded the cool evening air with perfume. It was the Marchesa's Zesta or Giomo Onomastico, and so there was society, with plenty of first-rate music (chiefly by amateurs) and a little dancing. I met other old friends, and the graceful daughters of some that were the "beauties" of Naples in my time. Here also I met one who cannot fail of becoming famous—a young musician from the mountains of Abruzzi, who played upon the violoncello with an ease and a felicity of execution, and a taste and feeling which I never heard surpassed. He was the son of a poor shoemaker or cobbler, of the little town of Giulia Nova, for centuries one of the fiefs of the Atri family, and in and around which they have still considerable possessions: The poor boy had learned music by ear, and could both sing and play in a manner altogether extraordinary, considering, not only his total want of instruction, but the fact that he had never had the opportunity of hearing any good music in his life. About four years ago, when the Duchess was residing at her pleasant villa, a few hundred yards beyond the antique towers and walls of Giulia Nova, some of the good townspeople, who, in spite of the abrogation of the feudal system, will persist in calling themselves her "vassals," spoke to her about the young musical prodigy. Besides being the kindest and most generous-hearted of human beings, the Duchess has a finished taste in music, and a passion for it, and she has been one of the best dilettante singers in Italy. Never, in

the days of Petrarca, or, in any time since then, can there have been a more perfect mistress of

"Il cauter.
Che nell'anima si sente."

Her singing, which went to the soul, came from hers. Her heart sung more than her voice; but her speaking voice was music, her face was music, her daily life was music—nor could misfortune, or calamity, or suffering, jar for an hour the harmony of her nature, the melody of her being. She sent for the poor boy, and having overcome his bashfulness by her kindness, she made him play. She was astonished at his rude skill, and delighted with the accuracy of his ear. He was a delicate boy, unfit for any hard work, and very averse to his father's craft. There was little probability that he would ever make a good cobbler, but the Duchess was sure he would make an excellent musician. She gave him lessons and many valuable hints herself; and, seeing that he improved rapidly, she exerted all her influence for him at Naples, and eventually got him placed in the Conservatorio, or Royal Academy of Music, in that city. When we heard him he had been three years in that establishment, studying under accomplished masters, who one and all had taken him into special favour. Mercadante, the well-known composer, the present head-master and director in the Conservatorio, declares that he never had a pupil of such high promise. He had studied counter-point and composition, and had already produced a few little pieces remarkable for their originality, fancy, and feeling. I feel confident that, in his time, he will have an European reputation. He has a strong desire to travel. We shall see and hear him some day in England. Not only for the sake of his patroness and my dear friend, but for his own sake, I shall feel most happy if the few words I have said about him should serve as a slight introduction. He is a modest, affectionate, grateful creature.

We conclude with a sketch of

THE NEAPOLITAN PARLIAMENT.

One of my earliest inquiries was after the House or Houses of Parliament. In 1820-21, when the Neapolitans, by virtue of military revolt, and the will of the Carbonari clubs, I had frequently attended all debates. I wanted to compare this Parliament to that. I believe I must have asked well nigh a dozen Neapolitans before I found one who could tell me positively where the present Parliament assembled. One said it was in this old church, another in that old monastery—one that it was east, another that it was west: some frankly confessed that they never knew where it was, and one old man thought it would be quite as well if nobody ever should know. One morning we applied to a *laquais de place*, who undertook to guide us thither, and who mis-conducted us. At last we found the Parliament in its nest, in that immense stack of buildings called the Gesu Vecchio, which is situated in a narrow, dingy, out-of-the-way street, in a low part of the city. This building was once a College of the Jesuits, and it was in it that the chiefs of the order were arrested by night in 1767, when the Neapolitan Government resolved upon their suppression. In my time it was converted into the University of Naples, and many are the lectures, good and bad, which I have heard within its walls. We were told that it still served as the University, although both Houses of Parliament had found lodging there. No doubt there would be room for all and for more, but since the beginning of the revolutionary movements, the University studies have been interrupted, some of the professors and students having found more congenial occupations, and others of them having betaken themselves to their homes, in order to be quiet and out of harm's way. The first time that we got to this Gesu Vecchio, we found that neither House of Parliament was sitting, it being a Saint's Day, on the festival of some Madonna. We learned from the *custode*, or door-keeper, that the two houses seldom, if ever, sat on one and the same day. When the peers met, the commons gave themselves a holiday or went about other or more profitable business: when the commons sat, the peers made a division. It was usual for them to assemble at eleven o'clock, A.M., or a little later. Although they had no prayers, the reading of the *procès verbal* of the proceeding and other forms carried them on to twelve o'clock, or beyond it; they then proceeded to business, but by three o'clock in the afternoon they rose, for the

macaroni must not be kept waiting, and there must be reasonable time for a *siesta* between dinner and the evening promenade. At times they rose before three, but they seldom sat beyond that hour. On one occasion, when they had a four hours' sitting, it was considered that they had made an extraordinary effort. Some of the deputies say they would work harder if they were paid for it; but they would attend more frequently and for longer intervals if they were not obliged to mind their own affairs in order to live. As yet the deputies, or members of the lower house, have no pay: many of them are busy lawyers. On a second visit I was more fortunate. The peers were sitting, and I was freely admitted to a seat in the gallery to hear their proceedings. It was but a thin house, and among those present I could discover only two whom I knew, or whose names were known to me. The hall they occupied had, I believe, been at one time a lecture-room of the University. It was fitted up in a shabby protempore-looking style, as though the accommodations and decorations were not meant to last. The separate gallery reserved for the *corps diplomatique* was entirely empty; the public gallery was very far from being crowded, and the auditors there assembled were very far, indeed, from belonging to the better classes of Neapolitan society. There were, at least, as many priests as laymen in this gallery—chiefly young priests, who did not seem at all satisfied with the conservative and somewhat languid tone of the debate. Nobody, however, ventured to make a clamour, or take part in the discussion—this prevalent bad custom having recently been put down; but some of the priests and others testified their disapprobation and impatience by scraping their feet, or by making a clattering noise as they bustled from the gallery, and descended a flight of temporary wooden steps. The remarks which fell from these people were not very complimentary to the peerage. A set expression seemed to be "O che Vari! che vene pare?" (O, what peers! how do they appear to you?) But ever since the institution, the liberal papers of Naples, and of all Italy, had been fearfully abusing this upper or other house, and quoting the words of Napoleon Bonaparte in support of the dogma that any kind of peerage was incompatible with the present state of France and Italy. The debates in 1820-21 had, at least, the merit of being lively. There, too, in that one chamber, where clergy, nobility, and commons all sat and voted together, there was, at least, an appearance of men being in earnest; although in the end, or some time before the end, the earnestness of most of them turned out to be little more than an appearance. There was also a certain amount of eloquence, the Neapolitans being, perhaps, even above all other Italians, a ready-worded, and, in several cases, an eloquent people. But, verily, these peers were but tame and dull. The Cardinal Archbishop (a member of the very ancient and noble family of Priario Sforza), was napping in his scarlet attire, at the right hand of the tribune or speaking place, and that tribune was occupied nearly the whole time of our stay by a stout elderly gentleman in black dress and white gloves (the president, as I was told, of some court of law), who was delivering a cold, dry, tedious discourse on the necessity of the kingdom of Naples remaining at peace, without taking part in the war against the Austrians in Lombardy. It was not altogether a bad discourse; it dwelt on the good which government had done, and upon the greater good it meant to do; and it was interlarded with fat morsels of liberalism, and compliments to the sovereignty of the people; but more than half of the speech was read—and it read very much like a second or third-rate article of the *Edinburgh Review*, since the whigs have been in office. Before the orator had finished, several of the peers went away to dine: and we ourselves went to take a walk through the old port of the city. When we entered the house, there were not above sixty persons in the gallery, and when we departed, we scarcely left twenty behind us. The guard stationed below at the gate consisted solely of reformed civic or national guardsmen—respectable men, substantial, bearing an exceedingly good uniform, and having the appearance of persons much more likely to fight against than behind barricades. It was a work of some difficulty; but after the affair of the 15th of May, these citizen troops were properly and nicely weeded.

The Western World; or, Travels in the United States in 1846-47; exhibiting them in their Latest Development, Social, Political, and Industrial; including a Chapter on California. With a New Map of the United States, showing their recent Territorial Acquisitions, and a Map of California. By ALEX. MACKAY, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. In three volumes. Bentley, 1849.

This is no ordinary work:—no compilation from a summer tourist's guide-books and notebook;—but the laborious composition of a cautious observer, of a diligent inquirer, of a careful calculator, of an acute reasoner. Mr. MACKAY has not flown through the States upon railways and descended rivers day and night at high-pressure speed, and then returned to pronounce to his countrymen on this side of the Atlantic a confident and dogmatical judgment upon everything and everybody in the Union, drawing general conclusions from particular instances, and censuring whatever chanced to differ from his own pre-formed ideas of propriety; he has traversed the new world leisurely, spent years there, and mingled in its society, watched its progress, felt, as it were, the pulse of its people, observed the impulses and tendencies of classes as well as of individuals, noted the practical working of its constitution, and formed definite views of its prospects, which he, at least, bases upon sound reasons. "It is now some time," he says, "since a work has appeared professing to give to the English public a general account of the social, political, and material condition of the United States. At the same time, so rapid is their development, and so great are the changes which, in every national point of view, they are constantly exhibiting, that the progress made by them each year would almost furnish sufficient material for a new work respecting them."

Mr. MACKAY's tour of inspection was sufficiently extensive. His first visit after crossing the Atlantic was to Boston, which he surveyed at leisure. Thence he proceeded to New York, and having carefully noted the external aspect of that city, and its inhabitants, he sets himself, from this position, as a convenient centre, to review the general character of the Union as a whole, the manner of its government, the practical results of republican institutions, and their apparent prospects of permanency. The social manners, the personal peculiarities, and the business habits of the people are particularly examined, with a liberal but not a lax eye to faults, and a just appreciation of virtues. The commerce, the agriculture, the manufactures, the natural qualities and advantages of climate and soil; the products, animal, vegetable, and mineral, of the Union, are treated of in their turn, and thus the reader is supplied with more ample materials for forming his own judgment of the young world of Saxons on the other side of the globe than from any book which has yet been laid before the English public.

From New York, Mr. MACKAY proceeded to take the round of the entire Union, so that his information is not given at second hand, but for the most part is the result of his own personal inspection.

From a work so extensive and valuable as this, we might with ease glean as many interesting passages as would fill half-a-dozen entire *Critics*; but the reader must be content to peruse a few only of them in these columns, and turn to the volumes themselves for the gratification of the curiosity which these specimens will have whetted.

As in all countries where slavery has ever existed, the tinge of colour that stamps an origin, however remote, from some victim of slavery, is held to be a mark of degradation:—so universal is the tendency of human vanity to make reasons for setting itself up as superior to others, or rather, we should say, to find inferiors. This is

REPUBLICAN EQUALITY.

It was between Philadelphia and Baltimore that I first witnessed for myself the extent to which the Anglo-Americans carry their antipathy to the coloured race. At one end of the car in which I was seated sat a young man, very respectably dressed, but who bore in his countenance those traces, almost indelible, which, long after every symptom of the colour has vanished, bespeak the presence of African blood in the veins. The quantity which he possessed could not have been more than 12½ per cent. of his whole blood, tinging his skin with a shade, just visible, and no more. If his face was not as white, it was, at all events, cleaner than those of many around him. I observed that he became very uneasy every time the conductor came into the car, eyeing him with timid glances, as if in fear of him. Divining the cause of this conduct, I determined to watch the issue, which was not long delayed. By-and-by, the conductor entered the car again, and as if he had come for the purpose, walked straight up to the poor wretch in question, and, without deigning to speak to him, ordered him out with a wave of his finger. The blood in a moment mounted to his temples, and suffused his whole face; but resistance was vain; and with a hanging head, and broken-hearted look, he left the carriage. He was not a slave; but not a soul remonstrated, not a whisper was heard in his behalf. The silence of all indicated their approval of this petty manifestation of the tyranny of blood. These bold defenders of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," the chivalrous assertors of the Declaration of Independence, looked with utter indifference on this practical violation of the "rights of man."

"Served the d—d nigger right," said a youngster scarcely twenty, at the other end of the car, and those immediately around him laughed at the remark.

"He'll know his place better the next time, the b—y mongrel!" said another; and the laugh was repeated.

Curious to know what had been done with him, I sought the conductor, whom I found returning from the front part of the train.

"Blow me," said he, "if you can't reg'late a thousand of your out-and-out onpretendin' niggers much more easier than one of these composition gentry: they think because they have got a little whitewash on their ugly mugs, that they're the real china, and no mistake."

"But where have you put him?" I asked; "he surely can't ride on the engine?"

"Put him 7—in the nigger crib, to be sure, where he should be," said he.

"Can I see it?" I inquired.

"You can, if you have a taste that way," he replied; "keep on ahead, straight through the baggage van, and you'll see them all alive."

I did as directed, until at length I passed through the van in which the luggage was stowed, and between which and the tender was a cold, comfortless-looking box, with a few hard, uncovered seats, which were occupied by about a dozen negroes. There they were by themselves, of both sexes, and of almost all ages, some of them silent and sullen, others jabbering like so many monkeys, and laughing immoderately—but all looking equally stolid when their features were at rest. One of them, a woman, had a child in her arms, which she pressed close to her breast to keep it warm, for though the day was bitter cold, there was no stove in the comfortless "crib." Here I found the poor outcast who had so excited my sympathies; he was seated by himself in a corner, with a gloomy and vengeful expression, and regarded me with a scowl, as if I had been a willing party to his humiliation. His entrance had afforded considerable merriment to the negroes, who rather rejoiced, than otherwise, at the treatment he had received. Nothing can be more deplorable than the position, or rather the un-position, of the mixed race in America. Between the negro and the white man there is an im-

passable gulf, each having his determinate place; but the mulatto, or rather the mixed race beyond the mulatto in the quantity of white blood, are buffeted between the two; for whilst they are not good enough company for the white man, they elicit no sympathy from the black, who charges them with affecting to be too good company for him. It is but justice, however, here to say, that I afterwards traversed the whole State of New York in a railway carriage, in which were seated a respectable negro and his wife, neither of whom was molested, although the carriage was crowded, during the journey.

This feeling the Americans, and more particularly the southerners, carry with them on their travels. It is but a short time ago since the captain of a British steamboat, plying on Lake Ontario, unwarrantably lent himself to this prejudice in favour of a party of Virginians, who had taken passage with him from Toronto to Kingston. There was a young coloured man on board, highly educated, and well known to the white as to the negro population of the province, who had taken a cabin berth, paid his fare, and received a receipt for the money. At dinner, he appeared near the foot of the table, the party in question being seated at the top. Seeing him, they arose and were about to leave the cabin, when the captain stopped them. They informed him that they could not sit at table with a black man; to which the captain most improperly replied, that they need not leave, as he would order him away. But he was not to be ordered away—maintaining his right to sit there with the best of them—whereupon the captain took hold of him by the collar, and threatened force. Against this conduct the rest of the passengers loudly remonstrated; but the young man, finding himself actually assaulted, rose, and left the table. The Virginians, thereupon, dined in peace. But, on arriving at Kingston, the captain was apprehended on a warrant for the assault, and had to pay a heavy fine for his officiousness,—the press of the province being unanimous in its condemnation of his conduct, and his command being only continued to him on condition of his not offending in a similar manner in future.

Mr. MACKAY describes the appearance of Congress as that of "an assembly about to be called to order, with somebody in the chair having no legitimate right to be there, but merely occupying it for a moment to try how it feels."

It seems that in America, as well as in England, there has been a struggle between monopoly and free-trade, only, that there the parties have been exactly the reverse of those at home. In the Union, the advocates for monopoly are the manufacturers, the advocates for free-trade are the agriculturalists. And there, too, selfish interests endeavour to disguise themselves under the pretence of public interests, and the cry for protection. Mr. MACKAY says of the conveniences of the United States for commerce,

There is no country which can boast of advantages superior to those of the United States, for the purposes either of foreign commerce or internal trade. For the one, their geographical position is eminently favourable; for the other, the variety of their productions and their physical conformation admirably adapt them. Situated almost midway between its two extremes, they present a double front to the Old World, from one of which they can hold direct communication with Europe, and from the other with Asia. The time, indeed, is not far distant when Eastern Asia and Western Europe will find themselves most accessible to each other through the continent of America. As to their internal trade, Nature herself had thrown every facility in its way. With every variety of soil, climate, and production, America possesses in its vast rivers, estuaries, and lakes, facile means of internal intercommunication. Such energies as the American people possess, acting on such resources, in the midst of such advantages, could be productive of but one result. Happily, too, they avoided a rock on which the barque of their prosperity, if not shattered, would have been greatly strained. That was not the country for artificial barriers, where nature had levelled all physical obstructions to trade.

Of the most dangerous and imminent ques-

tion in American politics, Mr. MACKAY thus speaks:—

The two sections of the Union have thus come at last, as it were, to a dead lock in reference to the question of slavery. It is important to the interests of each to carry its point; it would be destructive to the policy of either to miss it. In other words, the time for drawn battles is past, and the period is approaching when one of the two sections of the Union must obtain, in connexion with this subject, a final and decisive victory over the other, or when the Union itself will be rent asunder. It is essential to the maintenance of the Union that one party or the other gives way. Will either do so? If so—which?

Party spirit is the price paid for free institutions. Its uses are obvious; but, unfortunately, its abuses are no less palpable. In London we scarcely perceive them—but anybody who has lived in a borough town in the country will say whether this picture of it in America would not be equally applicable at home.

Woe to the political aspirant who is guilty of any overt act of disloyalty to the Whig or Democratic faith! His treason might as well be branded on his brow; for from one end of the country to the other he is denounced by a thousand offended presses, and by tens of thousands of indignant tongues; and the whole influence of the party is brought to bear politically to crush him. It is scarcely within the power of repentance to expiate so grave an offence. A man may revile those at the head of the party as much as he pleases, and be forgiven; he may denounce his leaders in public and private, and go unscathed; he may be troublesome in the ranks, but so long as he does not forsake them, he may remain uncashiered. But let him lift his finger against a party movement; let him manoeuvre in opposition to a party object, or vote against a party question, and he is at once denounced without ceremony or trial, when his political hopes are for ever crushed, unless, which is rarely the case, he is unreservedly adopted by the opposite party.

It is well said, and every day's experience must impress the truth more and more upon the minds of all reflecting men, that with nations as with individuals, punishment certainly follows crime. It is painfully proved by the position of slavery in America, which threatens to be a source of terrible anxiety, if not to end in an awful retribution.

As a political question, it is, beyond doubt, the prime difficulty of the confederacy—a proposition, with the truth of which none are more deeply impressed than are the Americans themselves. However they may differ in their views as to the course which should be pursued in regard to it, as an established institution, its actual presence amongst them is a fact which they universally deplore. There it is, a great and an acknowledged evil, which they must either endure, or dissipate in a mode which will not superinduce greater evils still. It hangs about the social and political system like a great tumour upon the body, which cannot be suddenly cut away without risking a hæmorrhage which would endanger life, and which cannot be permitted to remain without incurring perils equally certain, though not so immediate. The perplexing question is, as to the remedies to be applied for its gradual extinction, and as to the time and mode of their application. Meantime the evil is on the increase, and the worst presentiments are entertained as to its issue, as regards both the political and social destinies of the Republic.

But let us turn to more agreeable topics. Here is a vivid description of

A STEAM-BOAT RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

At this moment an ejaculation of "Mind your fires there!" proceeded from the captain, who had approached, and was now standing on the promenade deck between the funnels, and looking anxiously forward at some object in advance of us. On turning to ascertain what it was, I perceived a steamer which had left Memphis on its way up to Louisville about ten minutes before we did. She was going at half-speed when I

first observed her, but immediately put all steam on. I at once divined what was to take place. The firemen seemed instinctively to understand it, as they immediately redoubled their efforts to cram the furnaces with fuel. By the time we were abreast of the "Lafayette," for that was our rival's name, she had regained her full headway, and the race commenced with as fair a start as could well be obtained. Notwithstanding the known dangers of such rivalry, the passengers on both boats crowded eagerly to the quarter-deck to witness the progress of the race, each group cheering as its own boat seemed to be leading the other by ever so little. By this time the negroes became almost frantic in their efforts to generate the steam; so much so that at one time I thought that from throwing wood into the furnaces, they would have taken to throwing in one another. But a short time before upwards of two hundred human beings had been hurried into eternity by the explosion of a boiler; but the fearful incident seemed for the moment to be forgotten, or its warnings to be disregarded, in the eagerness with which passengers and crew pressed forward to witness the race. I must confess that I yielded to the infection, and was as anxious a spectator of the contest as any on board. There were a few timid elderly gentlemen and ladies who kept aloof; but with this exception, the captain of each boat had the moral strength of his cargo with him. For many minutes the two vessels kept neck and neck, and so close to each other, that an explosion on board either would have calamitously affected the other. At length, and when there still appeared to be no probability of a speedy decision, I perceived a reaction commencing among those around me, and on the name of the "Helen M'Gregor" and the "Moselle," two ill-fated boats, being whispered amongst them, many retired to the stern, as far from the boilers as they could, whilst others began to remonstrate, and even to menace.

"How can I give in?" asked the captain, in a tone of vexation.

"Run him on that 'ere snag, and be d—d to him," suggested the mate who was standing by.

The snag was about two hundred yards ahead, just showing his black crest above the water. It was the trunk of a huge tree, the roots of which had sunk and taken hold of the soil at the bottom; about eight inches of the trunk, which lay in a direction slanting with the current, projecting above the surface. From the position which they thus assume snags are more dangerous to steamers ascending than to those descending the current. In the latter case, they may press them under and glide safely over them; but in the former, the chances are, if they strike, that they will be perforated by them, and sunk. They are the chief sources of danger in navigating the Mississippi. The captain immediately took the hint, and so shaped his course as to oblige the rival boat to sheer off a little to the right. This brought her in a direct line with the snag, to avoid which she had to make a sharp, though a short detour. It sufficed, however, to decide the race, the "Niobe" immediately gaining on the "Lafayette" by more than a length. The latter, thus fairly jockeyed out of her object, gave up the contest and dropped astern. There are certainly laws against this species of racing; but the Mississippi runs through so many jurisdictions that it is not easy to put them in force. Besides, it was evident to me, from what I then saw, that, in most cases passengers and crew are equally *participis criminis*.

We are pleased to learn from Mr. MACKAY, that our brethren on the other side of the Atlantic do not hate us so cordially as a popular prejudice assumes. He says,

Many fall into the mistake of supposing that an indulgence in hatred of England is a chronic state of the American mind. In the Irish population of the United States is the true source of the enmity towards this country which is sometimes exhibited. Originating amongst these, unscrupulous politicians fan the flame to serve their own purposes; but it has to be constantly supplied with fuel, or it speedily dies out. The feeling is not a general one, nor is it permanent with any section of the native population, not directly of Irish extraction. In all disputes with this country there is more of bluster than bad feeling. The American desires to see his country in advance of all nations, in power, wealth, and moral influence. Great Britain is the only

power which he now regards as standing in the way. The Americans treat us as the only enemies, when enemies, worthy of a thought as such. It is this that makes them so touchy in all their quarrels with us. They are far more likely to be reasonable and conciliatory in a dispute with Spain than with Great Britain. They may give way in the one case, but they fear that if they did so in the other, it would seem as if they had been bullied into so doing. We, again, have been the only enemy with which they have ever been in serious collision. But, after all, a friendly and kindly feeling with regard to us pervades the American mind; they would not willingly see us injured by a third party, if they could prevent it.

"We have had many quarrels with you," said a lady to me once in Washington, "but we are proud of our descent from the English! We court the French when it suits our purpose, but," she added, with great emphasis, "we would not be descended from them on any account."

But the Americans are not blind partisans. It seems that they *think* as well as act for themselves.

AMERICAN PARTY MEN.

So far from the great modern republic being the scene of political harmony and unanimity, it is the most violent battle-field of party that the world has ever seen. Men are not only led by conflicting interests into antagonistic positions, but there, as elsewhere, they are found taking the most opposite views of matters purely affecting the public weal. And what gives to party, perhaps, a more violent aspect in the United States than it assumes in any other country, is, that every man is, more or less, an active party man, enticed into the political arena not only by the excitements incident to the scene, but also by the apparent ease with which his direct connexion with the machine of government will enable him to subserve his own interests and prosecute his own purposes. He feels that, if he manages well, he can do himself, for himself, what, in most other countries, it requires the aid of the great and influential to secure. Generally speaking, there are no intermediate influences between him and his object, the good offices of which he must purchase with a price, be it in money, in abject subservience, or by any compromise of his independence. The door is open to him, which he can enter without another's introduction, and once within which, he can play his own game in his own way. With these facilities and inducements, the difficulty appears to be to avoid becoming a partizan. The republic is one universal party field, and the number of politicians keeps pace with the census.

The party man in America is almost always able to define his position, to point out the precise line of demarcation between himself and his opponents, and to sustain his own side of a question by argument, which may be fallacious, but which is nevertheless ingenious and intelligent. Enter, for instance, in the evening, an unpretending farm-house, and it is a chance if, after the labour of the day, you do not see the occupant in his home-spun grey, reading his newspaper by the fireside; for both he and his family can invariably read, and he thinks that the least he can do for his party is to sustain the local party newspaper, many receiving, in addition to this, their daily metropolitan paper. In conversing with him, you will generally find, if you leave him to himself, that, as a duck takes to water, so does he very soon take to politics. The markets and a few other topics may receive a passing attention, but the grand theme is politics; and you will be surprised by the ease and readiness with which he speaks upon the most intricate national questions. For the last fifteen years, no question has occupied so large a share of the public attention as that of the "Subtreasury," the dispute on which turned on the best mode, not only for the collection, but also for the safe keeping and disbursement of the public revenue, involving at the same time the whole question of a metallic and a mixed currency. With the *pros* and *cons* on this, as on all other political topics, I found the farmers, in the remotest districts, not all equally, but all tolerably conversant, each man being able to assign an intelligent reason for the side which he took and the vote which he gave. Nor are their minds biassed by viewing a subject only on one side, the newspapers of one party frequently agreeing to publish speeches and dissertations opposed to their own

views, provided those of the other will do the same with regard to them. Thus a country newspaper, in the Democratic interest, will publish Mr. Webster's speech in full on a particular subject, if the Whig and opposition organ will do the same with Mr. Benton's on the same subject; an arrangement by which their readers are enabled to consider, at their leisure, both sides of a question. The party man, whose mind is thus schooled and disciplined, is seldom the man to be bought or bribed. That bribery is practised in the United States is too true; but it is on very different material, as will be immediately shown, that it successfully operates. It may be that party is more easily managed when each man thinks less for himself, and becomes more readily the mere instrument of others; and that, so constituted, it may serve all the purposes of mixed governments; but in a country like America, where the safety of the state rests with the intelligence of the masses, they did well for their fellow-countrymen who first laid the foundation of that universal system of education, which enables the American of the present day to combine in himself the apparently incompatible characters of a violent, and yet a reasoning politician.

Here is a picturesque description of a

DESCENT OF THE RAPIDS.

On leaving Prescott we crossed to Ogdensburg for passengers. This town is built at the mouth of the Oswegatchie, a rapid stream, with so dark a current that, on entering the St. Lawrence, it seems to run with ready-made porter. Gliding down the river we were soon in the midst of islands again, and found ourselves ere long at the commencement of the rapids.

The first two or three which we passed were not sufficiently formidable to cause more than a slight ripple on the surface; but by and by we approached the great rapid, that called the long Sault, and preparation was made for its descent. Even those accustomed to shoot it seemed to grow more and more excited as we approached; it was no wonder, then, that a novice like myself should partake largely of the feeling. We touched for a few minutes at Dickenson's Landing, a little above the rapid, and already alluded to as being at the upper extremity of the St. Lawrence canal, constructed so as to enable vessels not built for descending the rapid, to avoid it. On getting afloat again the ladies retired to the cabin, half-frightened at what was before them, and determined at least, not to witness the danger. I took my post upon deck, where I resolved to remain until the exciting episode was over. The rapid was in sight. Independently of the fact that I was about to shoot it, it was an object of the highest interest to me, for who has not heard of the rapids of the St. Lawrence? In my mind they were associated with my earliest reading reminiscences. We were close to the Canada shore, some wooded islands intervening between us and the American bank. The rapid commenced amongst the islands, but did not exhibit itself in its full force and grandeur until it emerged from them into the clear and somewhat contracted channel immediately below. Throughout its whole length it is much more formidable on the Canada, than on the American side. It was by the latter alone, previous to the completion of the canal, that the barges which were used in the navigation of the river could ascend, on their way from Montreal to Prescott. It sometimes required fourteen yoke of oxen to tow an empty barge slowly against the current, not where it was most impetuous, but close to the shore, where its force was comparatively small. It was by the Canada side that we were to descend the rapid, which leaped, foamed, and tossed itself wildly about, immediately in front of us. As far as we could see down the river, the dark leaden-looking water was broken into billowy masses crested with spray, like the breakers upon a low rocky shore, stretching far out to sea; whilst the roar with which the delirious current was accompanied, was like the sound of a cataract hard by. For nearly a quarter of a mile above the rapid the current ran smoothly, but with great velocity, which increased as it approached the line at which the channel dipped still more, agitating the mighty volume, which seemed to tear itself to pieces against the sunken rocks, over which it dashed with impetuous speed. A period, as it were, of breathless expectation ensued, from the time of our entering upon the preliminary current, until we crossed the line in question. The steamer seemed here to take its race for the plunge which it made from the

smooth into the broken current. To one unaccustomed to such a scene, a moment or two of semi-stupefaction ensues, after getting fairly within the embraces of the rapid. It seemed to me at first, that we had suddenly been brought to a halt, and were standing still, with the water boiling and surging around us in a mighty caldron whilst islands, mainland, rocks, trees, houses, and every fixed thing ashore seemed suddenly to have been loosened from their foundations, and to be reeling around me. On becoming more collected I discerned the real state of things; the steamer was shooting like an arrow along the stormy descent, lashing the angry waters with her lusty paddle-wheels to give her steerage way. She thus rushed on for miles in the course of a few minutes, the objects ashore flitting by us as do those which line a railway. By-and-by we reached a point where the current, although yet greatly agitated, was comparatively tranquil, when the very steamer seemed to breathe more freely after her perilous race. On looking around me, the islands were gone, the broad and broken channel was no longer to be seen, the banks had fallen from their well-wooded elevations almost to the water's edge, the stream was contracted—it was placed in front of us, but wildly agitated behind—in short, the whole scene had changed. The whole looked like a troubled dream, and it was some time ere I could recall, in their proper succession, the different incidents which marked it.

Although a privileged aristocracy is not endured in America, there exists in practice precisely the same aristocratic feelings and the same severance of *classes* as in England, and there as here the ladies are the prime movers of, and leaders in, this social war.

FEMALE PRIDE IN AMERICA.

The social position of the husband is not carried in all its extent into the social relations of his family: his sphere of action is without, where all are on an equal footing; but in the position of his family, and in their intercourse with those of his neighbours, he finds no such principle very generally recognized. Equality without, exclusiveness within; such seem to be the contrasts of American life. The professional man may be on the very best of terms with the blacksmith; but ten chances to one if the daughters of the professional man know the blacksmith's daughters, or if they would acknowledge it if they did. In-door life in America is fenced round by as many lines as social life in Europe. There is not a community there any more than here, but has its fashionable quarter and its fashionable circle. This may be all very natural, but it is not in conformity with the general aspect of their national social life, that they carry with them into these coteries all the exclusiveness of feeling which forms so marked a feature in the social fabrics of the old world. In a widely-extended country like the Transatlantic Republic, and a widely-scattered community like that which peoples it, it is to be expected that these feelings would manifest themselves in different places in very different degrees. In some, however, they assume a form quite as inveterate as they do with ourselves; and young ladies will turn up their delicate but saucy noses at the bare idea of an acquaintanceship with those with whose fathers or brothers their own fathers or brothers may be on terms of the most perfect familiarity. The circle once drawn, it is not very easy for those without to transcend it. The family that introduces a new member is held responsible for his or her good behaviour and respectability; and it is not always that the countenance of a particular family will suffice to give a party the free range of the favoured circle.

Here is a scene picked up by the way.

A 'CUTE CHAP.

Amongst those who arrived by the train from Richmond, was a western farmer and his family, evidently on a summer tour.

"Father," said his son, an intelligent little boy, after looking for a few moments at the broad expanse of the river, "it's as big as the Mississippi."

"And as yaller too," was the reply.

"But we don't have no snags nor alligators here, my little man; nor do we blow up two or three hundred people at a time," said a Virginian in shirt-sleeves, who was doing duty in some capacity or other on the wharf, and who, hearing the boy's remark, was anxious that he

should not go misinformed upon the points wherein the Potomac had the superiority over any and every river in the West.

"Cos you can't get up steam enough in Virginny to blow up an egg-shell," retorted the boy, discerning his informant's intention, and by no means satisfied with it; for which he was informed by the latter, that he was "too smart by half, if he only know'd it," and that to a moral certainty, his father "must have many more like him."

Very interesting is the following account of

A WINTER RAILWAY RIDE.

As the line was buried in snow, three powerful engines were attached to the train. The first of these was preceded by an enormous snow-plough, an indispensable feature in the winter appanages of an American railway. It was so contrived as, when impelled by the engine to clear the line of snow to within a few inches of the rail, strong brooms attached to the frame of the engine immediately in front of the wheels, completing the work, by brushing the rail bare and clean. We started at a slow and cautious pace, as befitted a train having no visible line to follow. For the first few miles we encountered no difficulty, the snow having lain lightly as it fell. We soon quickened our pace, therefore, when the sturdy plough did its work nobly. It first bored into the snow, seeking for the buried line, like a ferret burrowing for a rabbit, and then tore up the white covering which concealed it, throwing it in fragments on either side, sometimes for a distance of twenty yards; and every now and then, when it encountered a slight drift, sending it in a shower over the whole train, as a stout ship treats the billow that would use her roughly.

Shortly after leaving Jersey city, we passed an extensive cutting through the solid rock; a work in every way more formidable than the celebrated cutting on the Birmingham line. From this we emerged upon a vast flat sedgy country, as level as a bowling-green, covered with reeds in some places, and in others with long rank grass, both of which, the latter in brown tufts, peered here and there through the snow. The whole of this level tract is one vast basin surrounded by uplands, and bears every indication of having been the bed of some shallow lake, which by degrees drained itself off into the Hudson. It was whilst crossing it, that the effect of the snow-plough was most perceptible and curious. In front of us nothing was to be seen but one widely-extended monotonous sheet of snow, whilst behind, as if summoned up by magic, lay the denuded rails as clean as if nothing had ever enveloped them. It almost seemed as if we were flying over the country and laying down the line as we went along.

Between this (Newark) and the town of New Brunswick, nothing particular occurred, with the exception that the difficulties which the snow interposed to our progress increased as we proceeded. It no longer lay softly on the ground, but was drifted in wreaths across the line. The imperviousness which it assumes in this state is almost incredible, being packed together by the wind, until it becomes nearly as hard as a board. Through some of these wreaths we made our way with difficulty, at one plunge, the whole train sustaining a shock in the operation like that given to a ship struck by a heavy sea. Others were more formidable, and were not thus to be dealt with, bringing us to a sudden stop in our career when the train would back, rush at them again like a huge battering-ram, back again if necessary, and repeat the dose, until, by successive efforts, the obstacle was overcome. When more than usual force was required, in tender mercy to the passengers, who were sometimes thrown "all of a heap" by these operations into the fore part of their respective carriages, the train would be detached, and the locomotives set at it themselves, taking a good race, so as to strike with the more effect. It was amusing to watch this rough and novel species of tournament: the sturdy engines sometimes nearly breaking a lance with the enemy, and at others disappearing for a moment, amid a cloud of snowy fragments, scattered about in all directions, as if a mine had been sprung. The breach at length made, back they would come for the train, which they tugged along like so many camp-followers, until a fresh obstacle had to be stormed.

The Southern States present "entirely

different phase of society from that visible in the Northern States. They are as unlike each other as any two nations of Europe. This is the condition of

SOCIETY AT RICHMOND.

The people of Richmond are a peculiar people. They are proud and sensitive to a degree. They are proud, in the first place, of their State, and in the next, of its capital; in addition to which they are not a little satisfied with the moral superiorities to which they lay claim. Their code of honour is so exceedingly strict that it requires the greatest circumspection to escape its violation. An offence which elsewhere would be regarded as of homœopathic proportions, is very apt to assume in Richmond the gravity of colossal dimensions; even a coolness between parties is dangerous, as having a fatal tendency speedily to ripen into a deadly feud. Once arrived at this point, a personal encounter is inevitable, unless, to avoid it, one party or the other is induced to quit the city. It is curious enough to witness the cool and matter-of-course way in which even the ladies will speculate upon the necessities for, and the probabilities of, a hostile meeting between such and such parties, and in which, when they hear of a duel, they will tell you that they long foresaw it, and that it could not be avoided. After all, this state of things, although it may indicate less of a healthy habit than of a morbid sensibility, gives to Richmond society a chivalrous and romantic cast, which is rarely to be met with in matter-of-fact America. It is seldom, indeed, that they imitate, in their personal warfare, the savage brutalities of the south-western States; their quarrels, generally speaking, taking some time to mature, and the parties, when the day of reckoning at length comes, fighting like gentlemen instead of like tigers or hyenas.

Perhaps there is nothing so generally misunderstood in England as the

RELATIONSHIP OF MASTER AND SERVANT IN AMERICA.

It is quite true that the gulf which separates these two classes of society in England is greater and more impassable than it is in America; the master in the former occupying higher, and the servant lower ground, than in the latter. But it is equally true, that in America there is a broad and distinct line drawn between the two conditions of master and servant. If the servant is not as obedient as he is in Europe, or the master as exacting, it is not because the servant puts himself on a footing of equality with the master whilst the relation subsists between them, but because both parties look to the time when that relation shall be dissolved by the servant becoming himself a master. There is in America, with the exception of the Slave States, no permanent class of servants as in other countries; but to suppose that, so long as any individual acts in the relation of a servant, he puts himself in all respects on an equality with his master, is to be in error; and much more so to think that, should such equality be asserted, it would be conceded by the master. In America, as elsewhere, the servant, so long as he remains a servant, is in subordination to the master, although the tie is more easily and more frequently broken, because the servant is not in the same position of absolute dependence as elsewhere. He may become unmanageable from the readiness with which he can find employment; but the moment he trenches upon the master's prerogatives he is dismissed, instead of being permitted to share them. It is quite true that in many of the rural districts, particularly in the newer settlements, masters and servants live upon the same footing. But this occurs in a state of society in which the drawing a line of distinction would be as impossible as it would be ridiculous.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Natural History of Ireland. Vol. I. Birds; comprising the Orders Raptores and Insectores. By WILLIAM THOMPSON, Esq., President of the Natural History and Philosophical Society of Belfast, &c. Reeve, Benham, and Reeve.

This is not merely a catalogue with the technical names and scientific descriptions of the

birds seen in Ireland as inhabitants, or as visitors, but a collection also of a mass of original observations of their habits, their peculiarities, their instincts, their migrations, the changes produced in them by change of external circumstances, and their banishment from entire districts by the substitution of the field for the waste, and the dry land for the bog. Mr. THOMPSON, in his position as President of the Natural History Society of Belfast, made acquaintance with the principal observers of nature throughout Ireland, and from all of them he has levied contributions of their own experiences, for the purpose of making the Natural History of his country, of which this is the first volume, as perfect as the present state of knowledge will permit. Incidentally there are thrown in many delightful pictures of mountain and moor, valley, forest, and upland, and, while reading, we are borne back again to the days of youth, and breathe the free air of the country, and forget that we are buried in coal-smoke and bricks. It is precisely a work for the book-club, and we can recommend it to the members for their earliest list. A few passages will prove this.

Anecdotes of the pugnacity and boldness of the robin are numerous; but the following are new.

BRAVERY OF THE ROBIN.

Butter is so great a dainty to these birds, that in a friend's house, frequented during the winter by one or two of them, the servant was obliged to be very careful in keeping what was in her charge covered, to save it from destruction: if unprotected, it was certain to be eaten. I have known them to visit labourers at breakfast hour to eat butter from their hands, and enter a lantern to feast on the candle. One, as I have been assured, was in the constant habit of entering a house in a tan-yard in Belfast by the window, that it might feed upon tallow, when the men were using this substance in the preparation of the hides. But even further than this, I have seen the redbreast exhibit its partiality for scraps of fat, &c. Being present one day in December, 1837, when the golden eagle described at page 3 was fed, a robin, to my surprise, took the eagle's place on the perch the moment that he descended from it to the ground to eat some food given him, and when there, picked off some little fragments of fat, or scraps of flesh; this done, it quite unconcernedly alighted on the chain by which the "rapacious" bird was fastened.

ROBIN'S PUGNACITY.

Well known as is the pugnacity of robins, one or two instances may be given. Their being so wholly absorbed during combat as to be regardless of all else was ludicrously evinced at Springvale, by a pair fighting from the air downwards to the earth, until they disappeared in a man's hat, that happened to be lying on the ground, and in which they were both captured. On one occasion two of these birds caught fighting in a yard in Belfast were kept all night in separate cages. One was given its liberty early in the morning, and the other being tamer—possibly from having been the better beaten of the two—was kept with the intention of being permanently retained. So unhappy, however, did the prisoner look, that it too was set at liberty in the yard, which was believed to be its chosen domicile. The other came a second time and attacked it, when my informant who was present hastened to the rescue and the wilder bird flew away. The tamer one was again caught, and brought into the house for safety. The intruder was now driven out of the premises, and, in the evening, when it was expected that he was in a different locality, the other bird was turned out; its wicked and pertinacious antagonist, however, still lay in wait, a third time attacked, and then killed it: the tame bird, though the inferior of the other in strength, always "joined issue" with it, and fought to the best of its poor ability. Some years ago, at Merville, (county Antrim,) a robin kept possession of the greenhouse, and killed every intruder of its own species, amounting to about two dozen, that entered the house. This had been so frequently done, that my informant became

curious to know the means resorted to for the purpose; and on examination of two or three of the victims, he found a deep wound in the neck of each, evidently made by the bill of the slayer.

It is always with a sigh of regret that, however we may approve the cause, we hear of the

BANISHMENT OF BIRDS.

It is interesting to observe how birds are affected by the operations of man. I have remarked this particularly at one locality near Belfast, situated 500 feet above the sea, and backed by hills rising to 800 feet. Marshy ground, the abode of little else than the snipe, became drained, and that species was constantly expelled. As cultivation advanced, the numerous species of small birds attendant on it, became visitors, and plantations soon made them inhabitants of the place. The land-rail soon haunted the meadows; the quail and the partridge, the fields of grain. A pond, covering less than an acre of ground, tempted annually for the first few years, a pair of the graceful and handsome sand-pipers (*Totanus hypoleucos*), which with their brood, appeared at the end of July or beginning of August, on their way to the sea-side from their breeding haunt. This was in a moor about a mile distant, where a pair annually bred until driven away by drainage rendering it unsuitable. The pond was supplied by streams descending from the mountains through wild and rocky glens, the favourite haunt of the water-ouzel, which visited its margin daily throughout the year. When the willows planted at the water's edge had attained a goodly size, the splendid kingfisher occasionally visited it during autumn. Rarely do the water-ouzel and kingfisher meet "to drink at the same pool," but here they did so. So soon as there was sufficient cover for the water-hen (*Gallinula chloropus*) it, an unbidden but most welcome guest, appeared and took up its permanent abode; a number of them frequently joining the poultry in the farm-yard at their repast. The heron, as if conscious that his deeds rendered him unwelcome, stealthily raised his "blue bulk" aloft, and fled at our approach. The innocent and attractive wagtails, both pied and grey, were of course always to be seen about the pond. A couple of wild ducks, and two or three teal, occasionally at different seasons, became visitors; and once, early in October, a tufted duck (*Fuligula cristata*) arrived, and after remaining a few days took its departure, but returned in company with two or three others of the same species. These went off several times, but returned on each occasion with an increase to their numbers, until above a dozen adorned the water with their presence. During severe frost, the woodcock was driven to the unfrozen rill dripping into it beneath a dense mass of foliage; and the snipe, together with the jack-snipe, appeared along the edge of the water. The titlark, too, visited it at such times. In summer, the swallow, house-martin, sand-martin, and swift, displayed their respective modes of flight in pursuit of prey above the surface of the pond. The sedge-warbler poured forth its imitative or mocking notes from the cover on the banks, as did the willow-wren its simple song. This bird was almost constantly to be seen ascending the branches and twigs of the willow, (*Salix viminalis* chiefly) that overhung the water, for *Aphides* and other insect prey. In winter, lesser redpools in little flocks were swayed gracefully about, while extracting food from the light and pendent bunches of the alder-seed. Three species of tit (*Parus major*, *caeruleus*, and *ater*), and the gold-crested regulus, appeared in lively and varied attitudes on the larch and other trees. In winter, also, and especially during frost, the wren and the hedge-accentor were sure to be seen threading their modest way among the entangled roots of the trees and brushwood, little elevated above the surface of the water.

So far only, the pond and bordering foliage have been considered: many other species might be named as seen upon the trees. On the banks a few yards distant, fine Portugal laurels tempted the greenfinch to take up its permanent residence, and served as a roost during the winter for many hundred linnets, which made known the place of their choice by congregating in some fine tall poplars that towered above the shrubs, and thence poured forth their evening jubilee.

To name all the birds that cultivation, the erection of houses, the plantation of trees and shrubs, together

with the attraction of a garden, brought to the place, would be tedious. It will, therefore, only be further observed, that the beautiful goldfinch, so long as a neighbouring hill-side was covered with thistles and other plants, on the seeds of which it fed, visited the standard cherry-trees to nidify; and the spotted fly-catcher, which particularly delights in pleasure-grounds and gardens, annually spent the summer there. Of the six species of British *Merulida*, the resident missel and song thrushes, and the blackbird, inhabited the place; the fieldfare and redwing, winter visitors, were to be seen in their season; and the ring-ouzel, annually during summer, frequented an adjacent rocky glen. Curlews, on their way from the sea to the mountain-moor, occasionally alighted in the pasture-fields. The entire number of species seen at this place (seventy-five English acres in extent) was seventy; forty-one or forty-two of which bred there. A few others,—the kestrel, ring-ouzel, sand-martin, and quail,—built in the immediate neighbourhood.

The following is a very curious

ANECDOTE OF THE RAVEN.

Mr. R. Ball communicates the following anecdote of this species. "When a boy at school, a tame raven was very attentive in watching our cribs or bird-traps; and when a bird was taken, he endeavoured to catch it by turning up the crib; but in so doing the bird always escaped, as the raven could not let go the crib in time to seize it. After several vain attempts of this kind, the raven, seeing another bird caught, instead of going at once to the crib, went to another tame raven, and induced it to accompany him; when the one lifted up the crib, and the other bore the poor captive off in triumph."

It was a common practice in a spacious yard in Belfast, to lay trains of corn for sparrows, and to shoot them from a window, which was only so far open as to afford room for the muzzle of the gun; neither the instrument of destruction nor the shooter being visible from the outside. A tame raven, which was a nestling when brought to the yard, and probably had never seen a shot fired, afforded evidence that it understood the whole affair. When any one appeared carrying a gun across the yard towards the house from which the sparrows were fired at, the raven exhibited the utmost alarm, by hurrying off with all possible speed, but in a ludicrously awkward gait, to hide itself, screaming loudly all the while. Though alarmed for its own safety, this bird always concealed itself near to and within view of the field of action; the shot was hardly fired when it dashed out from its retreat, and, seizing one of the dead or wounded sparrows, hurried back to its hiding-place. I have repeatedly witnessed the whole scene.

And still more extraordinary (if true) is this of

THE BULFINCH'S WIDOW.

Different species of birds have in the course of these pages been mentioned as occasionally becoming black. The bulfinch, when caged and fed much on hempseed, is particularly liable to become so. Many years ago, at Edenderry, near Belfast, where a pair of bulfinches had been for some time kept, the male died, and the female, whose grief for his loss was very evident, soon afterwards moulted and assumed a full garb of black. Such being considered equivalent to the widow's "weeds," was looked upon as almost supernatural: and more particularly so when, after a year of mourning, she, at moulting time, threw them partially off, and exhibited some white feathers in her wings.

SCIENCE.

Cosmos: Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe. Translated by Lieut.-Colonel EDWARD SABINE, R.A. 4th Edition. London: Longman, and Murray. 1849.

It appears from the notice prefixed that this translation was undertaken at HUMBOLDT's express desire, and that it was, in fact, announced by Mr. MURRAY more than fifteen years ago in consequence of a direct communication from the author. HUMBOLDT, himself, corrected the proof sheets of the first volume, and the Chevalier BUNSEN has performed that office for the second volume.

This edition has been produced at a price which sets

all competition at defiance. It is, positively, the cheapest even of cheap books, and yet in its typography, size and clearness of the print, equal to the dearest. Its reputation has been amply established among the scientific world, as is shown by the sale of three previous editions. This one will secure its extensive popularity in the world of general readers.

FICTION.

Godfrey Davenant at College. Masters.

THIS is a continuation of the popular little tale of Godfrey Davenant at School. The story is but a medium for teaching certain theological and educational doctrines, with which it is not our province to deal, but which we may recommend to those whom they interest, assuring them that it is ably and powerfully done by the author, the Rev. W. E. HEYGATE.

Emma. By Miss AUSTEN. Sinms and M'Intyre.

THIS is the last addition to the now famous series of the *Parlour Library*. Established in reputation, Miss AUSTEN's novels please wherever they are read and they bear with them a wholesome moral. We hope the publishers of this popular series will present us with more of their excellent translations from the best novels of France and Germany. These are more attractive than reprints of English ones, such as this, which most persons have already read.

THE following novels, as appears from the Advertisements, have been published since our last, but not having seen them we are unable to give to the keepers and patrons of the circulating libraries who consult these columns for their choice of orders, the usual information as to their several merits. Should an opportunity be afforded hereafter, a formal review will be given.

The Author of a series of humorous novels, of which the *Falcon Family* was the first, has published another in the same strain entitled *My Uncle the Curate*, which is favourably spoken of by some who have seen it.

We note also the appearance of a novel called *Dudley Cranbourne, or a Woman's History*, but we have met no person who has yet read it, and, therefore, we cannot in any way help our readers in their determination whether to order it or not.

The author of *Whitefriars*, an Historical Romance which obtained considerable repute, has produced another of the same class called *Owen Tudor*. For the same reason we are unable to give any report of its claims to patronage; but the past success of the author is a presumption in its favour.

POETRY.

The Diamond Rock and other Poems. By Hy HENRY BREEN, Author of "History of St. Lucia." London: Pickering.

MR. BREEN writes better prose than poetry. He wants one at least of the requisites to the latter—an ear for rhymes—as witness the following barbarism:—

And of the men, five score and ten,
That did the Diamond man:
Day after day, and night after night,
They perished one by one.

But Mr. BREEN has withal some touches of the poet in his composition. There is energy and spirit in his verses. They are not, certainly, of such superior excellence as to deserve publication in a collected form, but they are respectable products of idle hours, and entitled to a foremost place in the poet's corner in a newspaper. But there is none of that originality of genius which entitles them to a place in literature.

The Dreamer; a Poem, with an Epistle on the Island of Madeira. By OSSIAN MACPHERSON.

THERE is some poetry in this gentleman, but he is wanting in the art of giving it expression. Occasionally we alight upon a stanza that gives us hope that we have found one who will vindicate to this prosaic age the claims of song to a loftier place in public esteem than that to which it is admitted; but we cannot peruse a page without stumbling over defects which destroy

the infant hopes and compel us to say that some of the elements of the true poet are wanting in Mr. MACPHERSON. We take a single passage as a fair specimen of his capacities. Although with traces of imitation, there is power of thought and of language in these

OCEAN THOUGHTS.

Here, one finds peace; here, passion finds no vent:
Here, the vexed soul its troubles may forget;
For all seems awe struck; it was never meant
For human tumult; here, he who may fret
Beneath the grinding hand of power, may find
Somewhat to cheer him, if he but beholds
These billows, for the pow'r of man combined,
Shows no such strength as that one wave unfolds.

Here, envy has no home; no slanderer's tale
Finds nurture on the ocean—'tis no place
To search for ears that malice would assail
With cruel calumny; for on each face,
The deep-imprinted consciousness appears,
That o'er the head is held a mighty rod;
And every mute expression of his fears
Tells man thinks less of man, but more of God,

He who loves silence, finds it on the deep;
He who loves tumult, finds it also there;
He, who himself in solitude would steep,
And from the noisy world his senses tear,
Let him come hither, for there is no calm,
Like the still calmness of a tranquil sea;
He who, bow'd down with grief, would find a balm,
Here will he find a salve for misery.

Oh! how I love the sea, in all its forms!
I feel no terror when I'm on its breast;
I love its peacefulness, I love its storms;
Let it in smiles or in its frowns be drest,
I love it dearly, and could ever dwell
Amid its joys and terrors, so to roam
For ever there; and, bidding land farewell,
Revel in pleasure on my boundless home.

And I have read what poets oft have sung,
But ne'er have read so much as I now feel;
There never yet has been the pen or tongue,
That has described such joys as o'er me steal,
As with an eye lit up with pure delight,
I view these heaving waters all around.
In pleasing wonder at their sportive might—
'Tis here alone my heart with joy will bound.

The moon has risen ere the sun has set,
And both illumine the blue unclouded sky;
Smiling like lovers who have only met
For one brief interview, alone on high—
Each in its brightest glory is array'd—
The gorgeous queen of night, the king of day;
The one all white, chaste as a spotless maid,
Kissing the sunbeams as they fade away.

But in the west, a curtain wide is spread,
Black, thick, and fearful—now the sun has set;
And on those cloud-tops his glories shed;
Sure such a sight on earth is seldom met.
It looks like one vast city all on fire,
Castles and palaces all wrapp'd in flame;
The lofty turret, and the tapering spire;
Compared with sights like this, the land how tame.

EDUCATION AND CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

John Jones's Tales for Little John Joneses. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq. In 2 vols. London: Cradock and Co. 1849.

MR. JAMES, the author of "Richelieu," from the composition of history, and the inditing of romance, has kindly condescended, in imitation of his great prototype, SIR WALTER SCOTT, to write two little volumes of instructive little historical tales, for the amusement and information of the young folk, with whom he will prove to be as great a favourite as he is already with their elders. The stories are taken chiefly from the Saxon times, and are told in language which the child will easily understand, and in a manner which will rivet his attention. These volumes will be a valuable acquisition to the School and Nursery Library.

Lays of Ancient Babyland, to which are added divers small Histories not known to the Ancients. London: Pickering. 1849.

DEDICATED with much formality to the babies of England, this volume will be hailed with delight in the nursery, for it tells, in the true ballad style, some of the most popular of the tales which have riveted the attention of successive generations of children. Here are "Dick Whittington and his Cat," "The Three Wishes," "Little Red-riding-hood," and "Jack the Giant-killer," with some eight or ten short fables of more modern invention. Some of these latter seem to have a higher aim, and to be addressed in a strain of

lurking satire to older readers, as "M. P. or the Magpie." A vein of comic humour runs through all of them.

The Little Savage. By CAPTAIN MARRYAT, R.N. Part 2. London: Hurst.

SOME short time since we noticed the first part of this interesting and practically useful narrative. The conclusion is even more attractive than was the commencement. It will take its place in the Juvenile Library among the prime favourites, and be more thumbed than any other volume there except *Robinson Crusoe*. CAPT. MARRYAT was one of the most successful writers for children as well as for grown persons; the same graphic manner of describing things and persons recommended him to both. He painted to the mind's eye, and his pictures are never forgotten. This is the quality which has made *Robinson Crusoe* immortal, and there is more of the style of DEFOE in the volume before us than in anything we have read.

RELIGION.

A Continuous Outline of Sacred History. By Rev. W. SLOANE EVANS, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Masters.

THIS little volume is intended to be a help to the study of the Scriptures, by giving concisely and chronologically the subject-matter of the historical and prophetic books of the Old and New Testaments. A portion of Josephus's Jewish Antiquities, and the Apocryphal Book of Maccabees, have been employed to fill up the intervening era between the Old and New Testaments. The idea is an excellent one, and it has been very well worked out.

Four Sermons preached before the University of Cambridge, on the 5th of November, and the Three Sundays preceding Advent, 1848. By W. H. MILL, D.D., Regius Professor of Hebrew, &c., Cambridge. Deighton. 1849.

THESE very powerful discourses will be read with great interest at this time, for they dare to travel out of the beaten track of official sermons and to grapple boldly with the politics and polemics of the time. The leading truth intended to be inculcated is "that the church, even the organized church of this realm, has laws of her own, anterior in sacredness of obligation to those of the relation in which secular eyes exclusively regard her; that adherence to these laws is the very condition of her continued existence as a part of Christ's body, and of all her power of beneficially influencing the community." This is enforced with much learning and extraordinary eloquence. But it would not become us here to enter upon the discussion of such topics.

MUSIC.

Six New Ballads. Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER, Esq. Music by Stephen Glover. London: Purday.

MR. GLOVER has the soul of song in him. He composes music, not as a business, but as the expression of a feeling. All the six songs before us are of this class, and far above the average of drawing-room music. "Spirit of Summer," is full of beauty. "You'll come again," a melody which does come again when once it has been heard. "I have wandered alone," is thoroughly original in conception, and "My own dear Cottage" breathes thoughts of home.

A True and Honest Man. Words by J. ROE; Music by Edward J. Loder. Purday.

Have faith in one another. Poetry by J. E. CARPENTER; Music by James Perring. Purday.

O Beautiful Rainbow! Sacred song, by Mrs. Hale; Music by C. E. Purday. Purday.

Jehovah Liveth. Sacred song; Music by C. H. Purday. Purday.

MR. LODER's song, like all his compositions, is expressive of the sentiments it conveys, and therefore offers a fine subject for a manly singer. MR. PERRING's ballad has given the best proof of public approval, by attaining a third edition, and it well deserves the success that has attended it. MR. C. PURDAY's two sacred songs are solemn almost to

grandeur, exceedingly impressive, and may be sung by ordinary vocalists, for they have no musical difficulties. They will be a desirable addition to the Sunday evening psalmody in the family circle.

The Navy Polka. By W. Augustus Woodley. London: Novello.

Autumn Flowers. A new set of Waltzes. By E. J. Westrop. London: Purday.

MR. WOODLEY would have been a distinguished composer, had he devoted himself to music instead of to literature. We have more than once noticed some remarkable vocal compositions by him, which exhibited the unmistakable signs of a true musical genius. *The Navy Polka* is another proof that our estimate of him was not exaggerated. It embodies the spirit of the liveliest of dances, and would compel the clumsiest to keep step, and the dullest to dance.

MR. WESTROP'S waltzes are very graceful, and contain that variety of *subject*, as it were, which is now so much in favour in the ball-room, so that a waltz has become more a *piece of music*, than an air. These are extremely elaborate.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Peerage, Baronetage, and Knighthood of Great Britain and Ireland, for 1849, including all the Titled Classes. Ninth Year. By Charles R. Dod, Esq., Author of "The Parliamentary Companion," &c. London: Whittaker and Co.

MR. DOD'S peerage is too well known and too much approved to need, after a nine years' existence, a very lengthened description. Its utility lies in its compactness, as it gives all that is usually required to be known; and its trifling cost enables persons of moderate means to possess it, and to procure the new volume annually—whilst few but the wealthy could afford to do with the larger works of the class. Besides an alphabetical list of the titled, with their descents, residences, &c., it presents tables of precedence in all the professions, as well as generally, with the manner of addressing the bearers of the various titles.

The Rest: an Episode of the Village of Ross Cray. By the Rev. Claude Magnay. London: Cleaver.

A pretty little village narrative, which the author assures us is not fiction but fact. It is ornamented with some woodcuts of a superior kind.

Stowe Catalogue; priced and annotated. By Henry R. Forster. London, Bogue.

THIS catalogue is a curiosity, and its present and future value will be best understood by citing the Editor's very interesting account of the eagerness with which such documents are sought and the care with which they are preserved.

The avidity with which catalogues of sales by auction of collections vastly inferior in interest and importance to that of Stowe have, from time to time, been sought for by persons of taste, has suggested the publication of the following pages. The object of the editor has been to furnish a volume of somewhat deeper interest than a mere priced catalogue; and with this view he has endeavoured, so far as patient and diligent research might enable him so to do, to put upon record such facts as seemed calculated to illustrate the origin, history, merits, and intrinsic value of the subjects calling for particular remark at his hands. In his comments upon the characteristic traits of the articles specially referred to, the editor has studied to observe a rigid impartiality; and, if occasionally his judgment may be found at variance with that of their possessors, it must be borne in mind that he lays no claim to infallibility for his opinions. His desire has been to provide a trustworthy manual for the amateur and man of taste, to assist him not only in ascertaining the existing value of objects of art and vertu, but in tracing to their new owners those that have lately been dispersed. It is only by a careful perusal of priced catalogues of the sales of collections of works of this description that the amateur, who has not leisure to attend and purchase for himself, can arrive at a proximate acquaintance with the cost at which it is possible to obtain them. The bookseller, the picture-dealer, and the connoisseur, must all graduate in this branch of bibliography if they would correctly inform themselves of the value of the objects in which they are respectively interested. The catalogues of the collections of Mr. Heber, Sir Mark

M. Sykes, Horace Walpole, Mr. Beckford, and many other distinguished amateurs, are now rarely to be obtained, and never, except at prices enormously beyond their original cost, whilst copies annotated with the pen are only to be purchased at a sacrifice which few *virtuosi* will in these days care to incur.

MR. FORSTER has added to the attractions of this unique volume by engravings and woodcuts of some of the most remarkable objects; as of the inkstand of Pope Sixtus V.; the bust of Pius, for which Sir R. Peel gave £136 10s.; the *Marine Venus*, bought by the Queen for £163; the *Chandos Portrait* of Shakspeare, and of Rembrandt's famous picture "*The Unmerciful Servant*," purchased by the Marquis of Hertford for £2,300. The total produce of the sale was £75,562.

An historical notice of Stowe, and a pedigree of the Buckingham family are prefixed, and among the collected anecdotes we find the following:

The Duke of Wellington visited Stowe in December, 1829, as the guest of the late Duke of Buckingham. The present Duke, some years since, purchased the very beautiful statuette of the veteran hero, in silver, by Cotterell, and up to the period of the sale it was carefully preserved in the library. It was deservedly admired by all who saw it, and Mr. Disraeli, M.P., while a guest at Stowe, in 1840, composed the following beautiful lines in allusion to it: they were written out at the time, and subsequently always placed on the table with the statuette. The editor is not aware that they have before appeared in print, and has, therefore, great pleasure in appending them:

"Not only that thy puissant arm could bind
The Tyrant of a world, and conquering Fate,
Enfranchise Europe, do I deem thee great;
But that in all thy actions I do find
Exact propriety: No gusts of mind
Fitful and wild, but that continuous state
Of ordered impulse mariners await
In some benignant and enriching wind."

THE SMALL FRY OF LITERATURE.

AMONG the trifles that have accumulated upon our table during the last fortnight are the following:—A useful sheet for suspension in the dressing-room, showing, in wood-cuts, the *Art of Tying the Cravat*, with ample directions for performing that important process. An essay entitled *The Precise Present Character of Transportation explained*, by Ignotus, contains some original suggestions on that very difficult question. A second edition of some poems called *Othello Doomed*, by One in the Ranks, only excites our wonder how it has contrived to reach a second edition, for it is wretched stuff.

ART.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

WE cannot share the complaint of our contemporaries, that this, the first exhibition of British Art for the year 1849 is in any manner inferior to its predecessors, or at all unworthy of the great school of painting of which it is an exponent. On the contrary, it is full of pictures of which England may be justly proud, and in almost every department it may be presented to the numerous foreigners with whom London is at present thronged as the witnesses to the fact, which will scarcely be denied by any who have visited the continental exhibitions, that the British School takes the foremost place in Modern Art; a fact which ought to make us blush, that we have not a public gallery devoted to it, where its master-pieces may be seen in chronological array, and where may be deposited two or three of the best pictures which the year produces.

It will be seen from this, that we confess to the bad taste of feeling the very highest admiration for Modern Art, and estimating it as, upon the whole, superior to Ancient Art. We verily believe that many pictures, which now sell for hundreds of pounds, would have been rejected by the Academy if they had been sent there for exhibition as the products of a modern hand. We are unable to share the raptures with which the connoisseur views a picture passing under the name of some old artist, and at which he would turn up his nose if it were put before him as a copy. We have a firm faith, that CALVERT has rivalled CLAUDE more than once, and that CUYP never painted anything finer and truer than some of COOPER'S *Castle* pieces. We are quite sure that not one of the old painters has transmitted to us

such landscapes as STANFIELD, and CRESWICK, and LEK. We are, therefore, desirous that the readers of THE CRITIC should, at the outset of its Journal of Art for this year of grace 1849, fully understand the very unfashionable doctrine which it holds—but which, because it is its honest opinion it will, according to its wont, avow and maintain. We sincerely believe in the supremacy of modern art, and the superiority of modern artists, and therefore we shall not be deterred by fear of the charge of ignorance, or bad taste, or want of taste, from asserting our belief, and if THE CRITIC be the only Journal in England that ventures upon so daring a defiance of the popular creed, we suspect that it will not long continue alone in this profession of faith, for all who mingle in polite society will find, if they have courage to incur the risk of being laughed at by some, that there are others who will answer, "I have thought so, but I dared not say so." It is one advantage of an independent Journal like THE CRITIC, that it can say what it thinks; and on this matter of art, it is resolved both to think and speak without regard to the popularity or otherwise of its opinions.

With this frank declaration of our unfashionable faith, we ask our readers to accompany us in our annual stroll through the art exhibitions of the year, which we shall continue from number to number, according to the subjects that invite to comment; and here also let us premise, that these notices, not being written by an artist, but by one who is only a *lover of art*, will be rather descriptive than artistic; they will express opinions upon composition and truth to nature, and the effect of the pictures upon the spectator, and rarely upon the *manner* of their execution, for we confess to entire ignorance of the *mechanism* of art.

The present exhibition, like all others in England, consists in great part of landscape; there are fewer pictures of *domestic* life than formerly: and there are scarcely any attempts at the historical or classical. In these latter schools we must admit that both France and Germany have rivalled us. HERBERT is its only worthy representative in England.

No. 2 and No. 18, however, show that we are not without painters of "the human face divine" whom Rome might envy. F. STONE has, in these, presented us with two beautiful girls, whose faces are not merely lovely in form, but full of the expression, which to catch and convey upon canvass is the painter's loftiest vocation.

E. A. GOODALL has given us in No. 4, *The Old Market at Rouen*, with a fidelity which would do honour to PROUT.

G. STANFIELD has two home scenes on the Thames (Nos. 5 and 392), which prove him to possess much of the genius of his father.

G. E. HERING is extremely rich in landscapes, which exhibit a marked improvement, even since last year, and some of them are of such promise, that we suspect ere long we shall find him taking the foremost place and contesting the palm with CRESWICK himself. His *Red Hill, Surrey* (No. 9) is masterly, and No. 185, *Near Reigate*, will be coveted by all who desire to place upon their walls pictures as well as frames.

Another rapidly rising landscape painter, is F. W. WATTS. His large landscape (No. 11) is as effective as anything we have seen since the death of CONSTABLE, whose manner Mr. WATTS appears to have sought with great success. His *Cottage Scene* (No. 182,) is not so much to our taste.

ANSDALL has a large picture, *The Successful Deer Stalkers* (No. 17), but it is the least successful of his recent performances. The dead deer on the back of the horse is not finished with care, it looks like a shapeless mass, which even a dead animal is not. The horse is the best part of this picture.

CRESWICK has contributed a scene stolen from Nature herself, *A Welsh Hill*, with its green underwood and clear crisp stream (No. 20). An *English Landscape* (No. 144), is so thoroughly English that it would be recognized anywhere, and the eye loses itself over a range of fertile fields, which melt into the grey distance and all within a foot and a half of canvass; and then the *Stepping Stones* (No. 299) is one of his rich bits of greenery, with the grey stones peeping out of the bubbling, rippling water, and the summer light coming down cooled through the wilderness of leaves.

J. DABY is making progress. His view of *Scarborough from the Sea* (No. 22), is a clever bit of real water, and his *Frigate Chasing a Pirate* (No. 46), is full of the spirit of the ocean; we see the race and share the excitement.

W. LANTON presents us with a *Scene in Epping*

Forest (No. 37), which from this report of it we shall endeavour to explore when the summer comes. How those lazy lilies float upon that sleeping water, and how cool and green is the light that steals under those trees!

GEORGE LANCE is, as usual, great in this exhibition. He has no less than five pictures, all miracles of workmanship. Talk of Dutch skill at imitation, never did a Mynheer produce, by colours, more *real* things and certainly not subjects so pleasing. *The Quiet Couple*, a pair of dead ducks lying side by side, are perfection.

A very remarkable picture indeed is R. C. LESLIE'S *Off Beachy Head* (No. 44). The effects of light upon the waves are novel, but true. Mr. LESLIE will eclipse his father if this picture be but the beginning of his career, and he labours to improve as sedulously as he must have laboured to learn.

LEE and COOPER have again united their powers for the production of landscape in its perfection, each one doing that part in which he stands unrivalled. Our readers will not have forgotten their wonderful achievements in this, which were so admired in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy. Here are two of them, (No. 47), *English Meadows* and *The Summer Breezes* (No. 199). If any proof were wanted to support our preference for the modern artists, we would proudly point to these pictures as evidence of the superiority of our contemporaries in at least one department of art.

F. DANBY has given us one picture only; but it is in his finest manner. The theme is *A Mountain Chieftain's Funeral in Olden Times* (No. 52). The effects are extraordinary. At first it appears so dark that it is difficult to make out any object. But as you gaze you discover the grim outline of the rocks, and the crowds streaming through the rugged pathway, and the bier, and the favourite horse led behind its dead master, and the mass lighted up irregularly by the torches, whose glare is reflected from the stream in the glen below—and far in the distance the moon, herself unseen, is sending down her yellow light through rents in the grim stormy clouds, and the mingling of her pale rays with the red rays of the torches at the bending of the path, is a triumph of art such as genius only, and only DANBY'S genius, could have achieved. It is a master-piece.

J. LINNELL, in his *Flight into Egypt* (No. 58), has tamed down his propensity to exaggerated colouring, without destroying the variety and expression for which his vagaries were forgiven.

Mr. C. DEANE'S *Huy on the Meuse* (No. 59,) is a highly creditable effort of a rising artist, and will demand a few minutes' inspection from the visitor.

BODDINGTON maintains here his high reputation. His *Quiet Morning in Wales* (No. 65,) is a delicious bit of mountain scenery, with effective use made of the contrast between the morning sunrises upon the upland, and the reflected glare of the valley, while the river seems molten silver.

Another young and rising artist, Mr. A. C. HAYTER, the son, we presume, of the unfortunate artist whose fall made so profound an impression upon the public, has proved his capacity to vindicate the name he bears by a picture of *A Scene in a Monastery* (No. 66,) in which the figures of the Monks are drawn with uncommon truth, and the story is most effectively told.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.—Amateur theatricals, at Cheltenham, are very productive. On the first night the profits, amounting to £135, were presented to the General Hospital and Dispensary—the second yielded £100 to the Female Orphan Asylum. Amongst the actors was Major Burns (a son of the poet); whose performances are highly spoken of by the provincial press.

HAYMARKET.—The revival of O'Keefe's comedy of *Wild Oats* is the event of the week at this theatre. The play is probably known to most of our readers for its boisterous mirth, and the spirit of fun that pervades. There is little of that gentle wit which just curls the lip, but abundance of that broad formal humour which shakes the sides. From first to last there is no dullness; the attention of the audience is sustained through every scene, and whatever other faults fastidious criticism may find in it, never can it be charged with heaviness. It has also the advantage here of being very strongly cast. WALLACK'S *Hoover* is remarkable, not merely for its energy, but for its imitations of actors dead and living. KEELY is a capital *Ephraim*. Mr. WEBSTER, as usual, makes a great deal of a small part, and his *Sim* shows study and skill. TILBURY is "glorious and uproarious" in

Sir George Thunder, and JULIA BENNETT is a sweet and fascinating *Lady Amaranth*. It was entirely successful, and will have a run.

The reign of the winter pieces at the other houses, is happily drawing to a close, we hope in our next to announce some novelties as being produced. As yet, they are only talked about.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Covent Garden opens on the 10th in full strength, wanting only ALBONI, but with other attractions to supply her place, and promising a brilliant season for the lovers of music. We observe that the management has prudently abandoned the Ballet, in which it has never been successful. Now we would suggest to the sober consideration of those interested, whether the attractions might not be vastly increased, and consequently a profit accrue to the treasury, by dedicating this stage to opera only, limiting the performance to one piece, beginning at nine and closing at eleven, as would then be practicable, and lowering prices, as they might in such case, and yet prove more remunerative. We have no doubt that such changes would be highly popular, for they would fall in with the dinner and ball hours.

ADELPHI.—The Californian mania has been seized by Mr. COYNE for the subject of a slight farce, called *Cockneys in California*. The plot, if it deserves the name, is of a city tradesman, his wife, son, and baby, who embark in a Gravesend steamer, and whose adventures are made the theme of a series of practical jokes by MUNTARD, MATTHEWS, and PAUL BEDFORD, which shakes the house with laughter.

FRENCH PLAYS.—Mr. MITCHELL ever seeking novelty, has brought out GREY'S *Richard Cœur de Lion*, which, famous upon the continent, has only once before we believe been introduced to an English audience. The music is good, but not pleasing; or rather we should say, it is not of the class that attracts the English ear. But it should be heard by the lovers of music, as a fine specimen of one of the finest foreign composers. It contains some spirited airs, among the most famous of which is *O Richard! O monroi!* which was sung by CONDRE, with feeling and expression. The plot is simple, almost to baldness. All the characters were well supported. MADIE, CHARLTON'S *Laurette*, though a short part, permitted her to display her very pleasing powers as a vocalist, and as an actress. The *mise en scene* was, as it always is, under Mr. MITCHELL'S liberal hand—perfect.

CYCLOPAMA.—Among the numerous visitors to the Cyclorama during the past week, were the following distinguished persons: His Serene Highness Prince Lowenstein, the Marquis of Headfort and party, Earl and Countess Harrington, Lord Gage, Lord Seagrave, Lord Kilmaine, Lord W. Lennox, Lady Lushington, Lady Harvey, Lady Whitmore, Lady Bateman, Lady May and party, Lady Erskine and party, Hon. Sir E. Cust, Sir W. and Lady Middleton, Sir T. B. Lennard and party, Sir E. N. Buxton, Hon. Mrs. Calvert, Col. Gardiner, Capt. Wemyss, &c., &c.

LONDON SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.—Under Mr. LURMAN'S management this Society holds its position in public estimation, and adds gradually to its claims to support. A concert will take place to-morrow at Exeter Hall, when most of the prominent vocalists of the day will appear. HANDEL'S Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt," is to be performed. Remembering the past displays of this powerful choir and band of the Society, we anticipate this bold venture with much interest.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

MARY.

By HARGRAVE JENNINGS.

Hail! stately-stepping lady, with thy brow
Fixed as if deed of import smoothed it. Say,
Art thou, with the green wand with lily spread
Wide at its taper top, prepared to wage
A colder conflict with the merry Faun?
Coarse Riot 'fore thy face would hide his head.
Thou'dst change to gleaming silver, the gay gold
Of harness'd Bacchus, when the ivy's doff'd
For glaring armour, and his train transform
Themselves to Amazons and visor'd shapes,
Exchanging the gold goblet for gold sword,
And flowers of festival for glistening arms.
A look of thine, sweet Magdalen, should rout
That unbecom'ing chivalry whose hoofs of brass
Trod over christian pride and western spoils
All in a smoke of dust and ruddy mist,
Burning in the red beams of the low sun.
Thou might'st, as glorious Joan, on charger white,
Triumphantly have rode in at Orleans' breach,
And hailed the lilies as they sprung above
The sunner'd battlements, and groaning walls—
Caved deep for bones, as caverns in the side
Of the cleft Caucasus with crown of ice.

SONNET.

By CALDER CAMPBELL.

LOOK TO THE END!—nor snatch at present pleasures
With schoolboy hands, that mar the fruit they pluck
By avid haste! Watch how the Bee doth suck
From liberal-lipped flowers, with earnest leisure,
The honey-store which forms its winter-treasure,
When 'midst the hail and snow it hath no luck
At finding food! So thou, with stint and measure,
And with a thankful heart withal, enjoy
Each bliss within thy reach; providing still
For days to come.—Labour, and Hope, and Will,
(Under God's blessing) have a wholesome might
To dull those pains they cannot quite destroy!—
Look to the End—when from the swart dwarf, Night,
To cheer Life's close shall spring the giant, Light!

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE energy of the book world is now spent more upon efforts to produce cheap editions of standard works than in endeavouring to bring forth startling and solid novelties. Hence we have nothing to announce. As an illustration of the fact we have stated, we may remark that Mr. Bohn's 6s. edition of *Humboldt's Cosmos* has been followed by one from Albemarle-street, published at 5s!—It has been determined to apply the money subscribed for a memorial to the late Mrs. Fry, to the opening of an asylum for discharged female criminals, to be called the "Elizabeth Fry Refuge,"—and to be situated within two miles of the Royal Exchange.—In his evidence before the British Museum Commission, now sitting, Mr. Thomas Carlyle expressed his opinion that the Museum, instead of being a *Cosmos* is a chaos—and a noble library with such a catalogue as we now possess, is a kind of Polyphemus without an eye.—Few literary transactions caused greater excitement than Mr. IRELAND with Shakspeare forgeries. They deceived the leading literary men of the day, amongst whom were Dr. PARISH—SHERIDAN—JOHN KEMBLE, &c. A posthumous work by this celebrated writer has for some time been in the hands of G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., under whose editorship it will be sent forth to the world. It is intended to be a most graphic history of DAVID RIZZIO, the unfortunate musician and secretary, and his more unfortunate mistress, MARY, Queen of Scots;—the history and characters of all the eminent personages and events of the courts of England, France, and Germany, &c., between the years 1506 and 1567.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

DEATHS.

BARTON.—Suddenly, at Woodbridge, on the 19th ult., Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, of disease of the heart.
DAY.—Lately, Dr. Day, well known in the musical world as the author of a "Treatise on Harmony," which, on its appearance, gave rise to some controversy.
FORSTER.—On the 21st ult., Edward Forster, Esq., Vice-President of the Linnean Society, F.R.S., &c., in the 84th year of his age.
FRANCIS.—On Friday, the 23rd ult., at 56, Albany-street, Regent's Park, Charles William Francis, aged 28, only son of John Francis, Esq., sculptor.
JOSEPH.—On the 10th ult., at his residence, No. 15, South-street, Finsbury-square, in his 86th year, Michael Joseph, Esq. His eminence as an Hebraist placed him foremost in the ranks of Jewish literature. His unwearied labours in the cause of education and philanthropy earned for him universal respect during a long life, and his death is lamented by all who knew him.
PICKERING.—On the 15th ult., Mary Ann, wife of Mr. William Pickering, 177, Piccadilly, in her 53rd year.
SMITH.—Lately, in his 65th year, Dr. John Smith, of Cuthbertland, for sixteen years secretary to the Maitland Club. He was the oldest member of the Stationers' Company of Glasgow: as the firm of John Smith and Son, of which he was the head, is the oldest bookselling house in the West of Scotland—having been founded nearly a century ago by the deceased's grandfather, who was the first to establish a circulating library in Glasgow. Dr. Smith was the publisher of the first works of the late Dr. Chalmers; and the large sum which he paid to that divine for the copyright of the "Astronomical Sermons," &c., attested at once his sagacity, liberality, and enterprise. Dr. Smith had early cultivated literature with zeal and success—though he did not write much. He was early known to Sir Walter Scott—to whom he acted as a guide to the memorable places of Glasgow on an occasion which is described in "The Life of Scott." Part of his correspondence with the author of "The Pleasures of Hope" is printed in Dr. Beattie's recently published "Memoirs of Campbell."

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